STORIES FOR WORSHIP AND HOW TO FOLLOW THEM UP

HUGH HARTSHORNE

21-9462

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

TK34
H25s

A SECOND MANUAL FOR TRAINING IN WORSHIP

STORIES FOR WORSHIP

AND

HOW TO FOLLOW THEM UP

By

HUGH HARTSHORNE

Assistant Professor of Religious Education in the Union Theological Seminary and Principal of the Union School of Religion

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1921

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

COPYRIGHT, 1921, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

THE SCRIBNER PRESS

268.7
H335s

TO

THE PUPILS

PAST AND PRESENT

OF THE

UNION SCHOOL OF RELIGION

N13342

PREFACE

Teachers and parents, as well as superintendents and pastors, are involved in the effort to lead children into the experience of worship. This handbook provides not only the material for services, but also a method by which the church-school worship or the pastor's talk to children may be followed up in class or home.

We expect in the services themselves, if they are well conducted, a response in the way of imagination, of feeling, of will on the part of the children. But if we let this stirring of their aspiration and their loyalty end here, the worship will have failed of its purpose. There must be further response in thought and action, and this must be provided for by the school and the home. The service must be followed up by discussion in class or around the Sunday dinner table, and by opportunities for the conscious use of the moral invigoration of worship in the practical problems of everyday living.

The book, therefore, includes not only the story material and programs needed for the leader of the services, but also suggestions for the guidance of discussion in class or home, and for testing the value of the services by careful observation of their effects. With this manual in the hand of every teacher at the time of the class session, there may be developed such community of effort as will enhance the value of the worship many fold.

The stories are for the most part new or not widely known. The organization follows a plan that has been worked out experimentally, by which the work for the year may be brought under one scheme or project, in the promotion of which the children can have a definite part.

The stories were prepared for publication in collaboration with Mr. H. A. Larrabee.

H. H.

New York,
January 1, 1921.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/storiesforworshi0000unse

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE v

SECTION

I. MAKING THE MOST OF THE STORIES 1

II. GETTING THE CHILDREN TO HELP 5

III. FOLLOWING UP THE SERVICES AND TESTING RESULTS 8

IV. WORSHIP AND SERVICE 13

V. THE SERVICES:

PART I. THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP

1. THE CITY OF GOD . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 18

2. THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 22

3. THE FRIENDLY ENGINE . . . . . *Anonymous* 25

4. A FRIEND TO SOMEBODY . . . . . *Mark A. May* 28

5. LITTLE GAVROCHE . . . . . *Adapted from Victor Hugo* 31

6. A THANKSGIVING ADVENTURE . . . . . *Mark A. May* 35

7. A GREAT FEAST . . . . . *Adapted from Laura E. Richards* 38

8. BOB CHASE'S VACATION . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 42

9. A BAG OF SUGAR . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 47

10. THE HOUSE OF GOD . . . . . *Mark A. May* 51

11. CHRISTMAS IN THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP 54
Adapted from Charles B. Bare

PART II. THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE

12. THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 62

13. THE JUST PRINCE . . . . . *Mark A. May* 65

14. ON PRAYER . . . . . *Hugh Hartshorne* 68

15. MARY STONE . . . . . *S. H. Leger* 71

PART II. THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE—(*Continued*)

			PAGE
16.	Abraham Lincoln	*S. H. Leger*	74
17.	Sharing Our Birthdays	*H. A. Larrabee*	77
18.	Washington's Birthday	*Hugh Hartshorne*	80
19.	Faith in the Building of the House of Justice	*H. A. Larrabee*	84
20.	Finding Happiness	*H. A. Larrabee*	88
21.	The Boy Who Found Out	*H. A. Larrabee*	91

PART III. THE HOUSE OF PEACE

22.	The House of Peace	*Hugh Hartshorne*	96
23.	Trust in God	*Hugh Hartshorne*	99
24.	Easter	*Hugh Hartshorne*	102
25.	Spirits of Spring	*Adapted from J. T. Stocking*	105
26.	The Two Foundations	*H. A. Larrabee*	108
27.	Work	*Hugh Hartshorne*	111
28.	The Boy Who Forgot	*Adapted from George Mair*	113
29.	The Scowling Face	*S. H. Leger*	116
30.	Two Kinds of Peace	*H. A. Larrabee*	119
31.	Planning the House of Peace	*H. A. Larrabee*	122
32.	A Flower that was God's Minister	*Based on H. T. Kerr*	125

STORIES FOR WORSHIP AND HOW TO FOLLOW THEM UP

I

MAKING THE MOST OF THE STORIES

Imaginative symbolism, no matter how closely built upon the everyday experiences of children, tends to lose color and force unless it has been adopted by the whole community. Unfortunately the religious community—the church—has not in recent years been surrounding its work with glowing, powerful symbolism that can appeal to the present generation. Until it does, educational efforts will have to construct their own bases of appeal, and develop as best they may the devotion that can grow only in the atmosphere of idealism.

The great enterprise of religion is the securing or the building of a new world. In former days, when emphasis was placed on securing rather than on building, religious education was primarily a matter of disciplining the soul for the life to come. Latterly interest is centering in building rather than in securing, with the result that discipline for salvation as the substance of religious education has given way before discipline for democracy. To catch up into our educational work something of the romance of world building; to let the vision of a world made perfect capture the imaginations of the children; to fill the enterprises of peace with the momentum and the abandon long monopolized by the enterprises of war—these are essential tasks of education.

A long history of intellectualism, both in religion and in education, has made vital religious education difficult. Enterprises or projects for the study of school branches like arithmetic or geography have

been hard enough to invent—because of the gradual withdrawing of school work from the ordinary affairs of life. But far more difficult is it to find adequate and appropriate projects for religious education. The subject matter here is nothing less than the whole of life itself. Any project, therefore, has to be a project in living for the sake of what the children can learn about living. How can the actual business of living be a part of a school of religion? Evidently what is needed is not more text-books or even better text-books, but more life. Somehow the children must be led to take their part now in the building of the City of God.

This analysis of the exigency in religious education leads to the idea of "building the City of God." This may serve both as a real Christian enterprise and as an effective symbol, associated as it is with much that is emotional and dramatic in the Christian tradition. Furthermore, when broken up into its essentials, it develops naturally into symbolisms of peace rather than symbolisms of war, and suggests the projects of peace rather than those of war, of construction and conservation rather than of destruction and waste.

In the course of the three-year experiment during which the building of the City of God was used as a general project in the Union School of Religion, there developed three minor projects, each serving as an attractive, unifying enterprise for a year. The first year was devoted to the building of the House of Friendship; the second to the building of the House of Justice; the third to the building of the House of Peace. The first idea appealed with especial power to the children, and served as an organizing principle for the whole year's work in most of the classes as well as in the services of worship. As classes gradually became interested in the idea they began to see how what they were doing Sunday by Sunday had meaning in terms of a great purpose—to establish friendship in the world. In their discussions they tried to discover how people behave in the House of Friendship. In their efforts to be of help to others they began to "take people in" to their House of Friendship: Armenian and French orphans, the children of a day nursery, various neighboring families with whom they were becoming acquainted, their own friends and families, the characters about whom they were studying; Jesus, the great Friend. And it was

not long before they found that when they took God into their House of Friendship it became a veritable House of God.

As the first year drew to a close the suggestion was made that this enterprise might easily issue in a pageant that would gather up the strands developed by the various classes and weave them into a single dramatic representation of the building of the House of Friendship. Each class suggested what it would like to do to show its work for the year, and these proposals were then put into the form of a pageant by the teachers. The children wrote the lines they spoke and planned the scenes in connection with their class work. There was a hymn-writing contest for the production of a school hymn for the occasion. An older pupil wrote the words and a teacher the music that were finally selected. Another teacher wrote the lines of the Spirit of Friendship, and his helpers, Gratitude, Goodwill, Reverence, Faith and Loyalty, who wove the several episodes and interludes into an effective pageant, which closed with a service of worship similar to the service held each Sunday morning.

It has been necessary to mention these details in order that the plan of the book and the atmosphere of the stories may be understood. The worship of the school, to which twenty minutes are devoted every Sunday, was the center of the whole enterprise, and the stories and talks contributed much to the interpretation and unifying of the project in the minds of the children.

The services that follow form the basis of a similar scheme for any school that gives a central place to worship.

Although, when first used, these three projects—building the Houses of Friendship, Justice and Peace—occupied three years, it will be of advantage to bring them together into one year's program under the more general project, "building the City of God." This is the plan that has been used in this book.

It would be well for leaders to bear in mind that the symbolism of building a house of friendship or justice or peace in the City of God is not to be taken too literally. Nor should one feel bound at all by the use made of this figure of speech in the stories that follow. For the most part the authors have avoided using analogies such as "foundations are good habits," and have confined themselves

to a loose interpretation of the figure. The concept gains meaning by imagining actual conduct rather than by having associated with it abstractions such as "bricks of goodwill," or "beams of sympathy." The idea should grow freely in the minds of the children and enough should be left to the imagination to keep the symbolism from becoming trite.

Each story originally had a carefully planned setting in a unified service, and its effect will be enhanced if pains are taken to choose hymns, psalms, scripture and so on with reference to the aim the leader of worship has in mind, and to arrange the items in such a way as to produce the effect desired. Suggestions are made that may aid in the construction of services, and the prayer to accompany the story is given in many cases. It is realized, of course, that most leaders will prefer to work out these details for themselves, but for those who for one reason or another cannot plan the services completely the orders of service that accompany the stories and talks may prove helpful.*

* The author's *Manual for Training in Worship* gives suggestions on planning services, sample orders of service, types of stories, prayers, sentences, and a bibliography of sources.

II

GETTING THE CHILDREN TO HELP

It goes without saying that the hymns, scripture passages, prayers and talks used in children's services should be adapted to the limitations of childhood and youth. If worship is to be a real and helpful experience it must grow out of and minister to the common everyday problems of the worshiper. The wise leader provides for this in his choice of material to be used. He unnecessarily limits himself, however, if he attempts to make his selections or adaptations without the aid of the children. Even the youngest can help by being led to discuss the services. Their comments will reveal what they understand and what they do not, and will also show what parts of the service attract them most. The older children can suggest story material, prepare unison prayers and sometimes assist in leading the worship. When the pupils help, there is greater assurance that what is done will meet their needs.

Beyond the aid the leader may get from the children, there is the psychological necessity for cooperation on their part if the best results are to be secured. In other phases of the school work we have long seen the educational value of initiative and self-activity. In worship, however, we have been content to follow traditional procedures and leave everything to the leader or to custom. The result is that worship is for many persons unreal and unimportant. They have no responsibility for it.

The best leadership and the finest material will fail to secure worship if the pupils do not feel that they have a vital part in controlling the service. This feeling they will get at first simply when attempt is made by the leader to meet their own needs in the service and to give them something to do in it. But nowadays, when children are being taught to take responsibility, to share in the life of grown

people, to learn by actual performance, they will not long be content to be irresponsible participants in what should be the most interesting and beautiful of all their experiences.

How, then, can we secure their cooperation? Various ways have been tried. Others will be devised by progressive schools. When the school has not been used to carefully planned services, probably the best way is to begin by deliberately changing the programs so as to be certain of changing the attitude of the children. After they have had some experience on the plane of real worship, their cooperation can be enlisted. For example, if some unison prayer has been used, the children might be asked whether they would like to have their own unison prayer. Would they like to write it themselves? Would they all like to make some contribution to it? Each might bring in either a sentence or a whole prayer, and a committee of pupils with the leader could take the contributions and construct out of them a short prayer for the school, using the children's own phrases. All idea of contest should of course be avoided. The teachers would then follow up this suggestion in each class, possibly taking advantage of this occasion to discuss the meaning of prayer with the children, and including this enterprise in the home work for this week.

When projects such as those used in this book are adopted and launched, the pupils themselves will take a real interest in their development. It will be noticed that only ten or eleven services have been included under each of the three Parts. This leaves opportunity for the introduction of services that have local color, that arise out of local needs and interests, or that may be planned by the children. When the "House of Friendship" was built, a class of eighth grade girls wrote one of the stories told by the leader. Wider use could well be made of this ability of the children. With the help of teachers, the classes can be led, little by little, to see the relation of their lessons to the current themes of the worship and to think what contributions could be made to the worship from their own lessons.

In regard to hymns, it would assist in their intelligent use to have the school choose a favorite song for each season, or for each theme. The necessity of coming to a decision will be a real motive for the careful study of many hymns. Those chosen as school favorites could

be memorized, by vote of the pupils. Or the favorite hymn of each class, with the reasons for the choices, might be posted. The same procedure would help in the wise and effective use of psalms.

When intermediate or senior groups meet with younger children there is always the possibility of sharing with them the leadership of the services. The reading of the scripture lesson, leading unison or responsive selections, or occasional leadership in prayer are practical forms of assistance. These young people will of course need time for preparation and some training in delivery.

Greater interest and more effective cooperation may be secured by having the older classes take turns in being responsible for the whole service a few times during the year. This will make necessary their study of the particular project that is under way, and will help them to get the most out of the services as they go along, both from their own point of view, and from the point of view of the others in the school. The socializing value of such enterprises is beyond calculation.

III

FOLLOWING UP THE SERVICES AND TESTING RESULTS

In connection with each of the services that follow, suggestions are made for teachers in following up the effects of the worship. It is easy for such follow-up work to degenerate into mere quizzing or even into inquisition or prying into the souls of the children to see whether they are properly edified by the leader's talk or prayer. The teacher is not a spy. He is a leader of worship. As much depends upon his sympathetic and whole-hearted participation in the service as upon the particular teacher who stands in front of the school. And as much depends upon what the teacher or parents do in subsequent class or home discussions as upon the period of worship itself. Worship, instruction and service are not three independent school activities. They are one. Only in worship certain things are emphasized which are not emphasized in study and in action. Unless the worship finds its occasion in the pupils' own life-experiences, whether in class, or at home, or school, or on the street, and brings its inspiration to bear upon these vital interests and situations of childhood, it is of small concern.

The worship, therefore, is part of the teacher's responsibility.

There are several distinct ways in which teachers and parents can contribute to the worship period. First, there is the actual service itself. Here the teacher can be of great help by example. The sympathetic teacher of boys is under no obligation to behave in worship as he would on a hike. He loses influence just to the extent that his behavior is inappropriate to the occasion. Boys expect dignity when dignity is called for, and they have a right to the support that dignified and sincere participation in worship on their teacher's part will give to their own less stable yet truly earnest selves. Younger

children need help in finding places, and occasional cautions are necessary, but here, too, it is the teacher's example that counts for most.

In the second place, the teacher, and the parents too, can help by preparing the children for the services. Such items as are to be used in common may be memorized. This should be done in connection with the regular class work. Hymns and psalms and unison prayers will need to be studied so as to make sure that they are really understood. Erroneous impressions resulting from a misunderstanding of words and ideas prevent the best use of the period of worship. When a child remembers "Dare to have a purpose fine," as "Dare to have a purple spine," the conditions for good results are not present.

The order of worship needs to be gone over in class so that the children will know what to expect. Younger children need practice with the song books—finding places quickly and quietly and using the printed page reverently. The mechanics of worship must be reduced to a habit so that attention can be given to the meaning of what is taking place. The teacher's slogans, then, are:

Memorize what is to be used from memory;

Clear up all misconceptions;

Enrich, by discussion, the meaning of prayers, hymns and psalms;

Practice reverently the mechanics of the worship.

In the third place, the teachers and parents can help by finding out what the children are impressed by in the service. In the case of younger children, the service can be discussed every Sunday. Older children may not wish to talk about it so often, but may wait for some especially attractive story or helpful prayer as an occasion for discussion. Spontaneous comments are the most reliable guides to the effects of the service, and these should be recorded by teachers and parents and passed on to the leader of worship.

Children of Junior ages and younger grades will usually want to talk about the service if it has been effective. The class session, therefore, should ordinarily provide opportunity for this. Thus the habit of comment is established, and with it the habit of increasing participation. What the children regularly attend to depends largely upon what they afterwards have occasion to refer to consciously.

This introduces the fourth point: The teachers can help secure the proper effects of the worship period by directing the pupil's conversation about it. The children's sense of the unity of the whole Sunday session is promoted by carrying over the thoughts, attitudes and interests of the worship into the class period. This is particularly necessary for the success of such school projects as are proposed in this book. It is easy to see that teachers will be able to follow up the service most effectively when they know in advance the story to be told by the leader.

In order to help the teachers and parents in the guidance of these conversations, questions are appended to each service. Some are appropriate for older children, some for younger ones. They are intended only as a suggestion of the sort of questions one may ask to promote thoughtful discussion. They are not to be formally asked, as one would set an examination. Rather are they the unconscious guide of teachers or mothers or fathers as they try to be the sympathetic companions of the children in these deeper experiences of their lives.

Finally, and perhaps this is the most important contribution, teachers and parents can help by telling the leader of worship about difficult problems children are facing or especially interesting activities in which they are engaging in class or in clubs or by themselves. These concrete problems and interests can frequently be made the basis of a service that will seem all the more real to the children because it touches so closely their daily experience. Significant events that are of common concern, such as some unusual sorrow or good fortune, have a central place in every church-school program, no matter what printed material may be used by the leader. It is the *human* elements, the homely incidents, the friendly interests that transform mere ritual into the worship of the God who cares.

General Questions

To be used by teachers or parents to follow up services

To save repetition, certain types of questions that are appropriate to almost any service are appended here. The special emphasis of these questions is on the proper direction of attention and on the discovery of the effects of worship.

Did you enjoy the service this morning?

What did you like about it especially?

(Variety of answers may be expected.)

What was it you liked about the music (story, hymns, etc., or whatever may be mentioned)? (Comments should be noted.)

Would you like to read that hymn again?

(Here is an opportunity to discuss its meaning, particularly in relation to the day's topic.)

We read a prayer together this morning. When we use the Lord's Prayer we say it from memory. Would you like to say this prayer from memory too? Let's read it together again. (Then ask questions on the meaning of phrases and get a wealth of associations in the minds of the children for each sentence. Afterwards, they will more easily learn it by heart during the week.)

In a similar way other features of the service to be memorized or discussed may be brought to the attention of the children in the spirit of the worship itself.

Did the story remind you of anything we are doing together? (In case the service is initiating some new school enterprise) How can we do our share in this?

(At home) What did you think about in the service to-day? We'd

like to hear about it. (Every real effort to report should be received with appreciation but not with applause.) Was anything said that we ought to know about at home? (If the story stands out prominently, it can be retold to advantage.)

Parents should be on the watch for evidences of the effect of the services on the children's ideas and actions.

IV

WORSHIP AND SERVICE

The suggestion was made in the preceding section that the worship should be connected as closely as possible with the children's enterprises. In the first section a scheme was proposed for interpreting these enterprises in such a way as to clarify their purpose and add to their motivation by associating them with the great Christian cause itself. The latter proposal is provided for in the project: "Building the City of God." Into this framework must be woven the actual school activities to which the larger project is to lend color and force. The project is carried by the thirty-two services which follow, all of which can be used by any school or will suggest similar story material. In a school year of forty-four Sundays, this leaves twelve services to be woven into the framework. It is particularly in these twelve services that the local school causes and interests can best find a place. Special festival services at Christmas and Easter, at Rally Day or Children's Day, will need special forms and subject matter. Denominational drives, whether perennial or occasional, need the time of the assembly now and then. Relief enterprises, such as Near East Relief campaigns, and missionary projects of church or school, can also be pursued on the Sundays thus left available.

But all these matters are not to be regarded as outside the building of the City of God. They *are* the building of the city. These are specific tasks, and constant reference to them is needed to give to the project the sense of reality, just as the project is needed to give to these tasks the flavor of adventure and romance that rightfully belongs to them.

When, therefore, some special drive, such as the Armenian, comes during the building of the House of Friendship, let it be made a part of this project. Let the Armenian children be taken into our House

of Friendship and made to feel at home. When some local philanthropic interest is being attended to while the House of Justice is being built, let the occasions for this philanthropy that grow out of our unjust disregard for the handicapped, the immigrant, the defective, the sick, be uppermost in the services, and let the concrete effects of our neglect add motive to our desire to be fair to all our brothers. If some foreign enterprise comes up while the House of Peace is being built, let the establishment of real friendship among the children of the world as an essential condition of peace be realized, or let it be seen how in the quarrels of children the very same kinds of purposes are felt that lead great nations to go to war and destroy all friendship in the world.

The "results" of this year's program will not be visible in the form of definitions or handwork. No more stories will be learned than would be learned without this project. But it is hoped that a new spirit will be discovered in the school that "builds the City of God," that friendship, justice and peace, for which we so constantly pray, will have become a part of its conscious purpose, and that its daily work will catch something of the joy and the glory of the Christian life.

V

STORIES, PRAYERS, QUESTIONS, AND ORDERS OF SERVICE

PART I

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP*

FROM RALLY DAY TO CHRISTMAS

Call to Worship: This is the House of God, a house of the spirit not made with hands, and they that worship God herein must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

ORDERS OF SERVICE

FROM WHICH ONE OR MORE MAY BE SELECTED FOR THE PERIOD

Without Choir

1

1. Instrumental Prelude
2. Call to Worship
3. The Lord's Prayer
4. Hymn
5. Scripture
6. Story or Talk
7. Prayer
8. Hymn
9. Unison Benediction
10. Instrumental Postlude

2

1. Call to Worship
2. One stanza of a hymn of praise or a Psalm
3. The Lord's Prayer
4. Hymn
5. Story or Talk
6. Prayer
7. Offertory Sentence and Offering †
8. Offertory Prayer—sung by school
9. Unison Prayer
10. Hymn

With Choir

3

1. Instrumental Prelude
2. Call to Worship
3. Hymn
4. Psalm
5. The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen (Scripture)
6. Story or Talk
7. Prayer, Choir Amen
8. Hymn
9. Unison Prayer or Benediction sung by Choir

4

1. Processional Hymn
2. Psalm
3. The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen
4. Scripture Lesson
5. Hymn
6. Story or Talk
7. Prayer, School Amen
8. Choir Sentence
9. Unison Prayer, Choir Amen
10. Benediction, Choir Amen
11. Recessional Hymn

* Corresponding to the periods of Gratitude and Goodwill as described in the *Manual for Training in Worship.*

† If the offering is to be taken in connection with either of the other services it should come after the seventh item. Other changes will readily be made. Unnecessary announcements should be avoided and irrelevant announcements should come after the close of the service.

I

The City of God *

Scripture: Rev. 21:1-4; Is. 52:7-10; 60:18-19.
Psalm: 100.
Hymns: "We've a story to tell to the nations;" "City of God;" "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;" "Thy kingdom come, O Lord."

Two children were lost in the city. One was ten and the other five. A friendly policeman asked them where they lived. "We live in the house with glass doors," said the five-year-old, "where the halls have walls of marble, and an elevator goes up and down." But the ten-year-old said: "We live at 542 North Avenue." Which was right? I think maybe the younger one was right, and she might have added, "in the world of giants and fairies":

"Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather."

We live in the world we see around us and dream about. For some, our city is just our home, and the sidewalk to school, and the schoolroom. Some of you have taken the ferry across to Staten Island, and you have looked back at that huge mass of buildings piled against the sky and the great bridges spanning the East River, and with something like pride you have said to yourselves, "This is my city." You are citizens of New York. Some of you have been reading about the Panama Canal, of how this country achieved this greatest engineering feat of history, and you have said, "My country did that," and as you look at this flag there's a wholesome pride in the thought that you are citizens of the United States of America.

Some of you have been sending money to the Belgians and making things for them. Why did you do it? Because you felt that they are

* From the *Manual for Training in Worship*, p. 84, copyright 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

fellow citizens of yours. Fellow citizens of what? Why, of the world. *You* are citizens of the world.

Some of you have been reading stories of heroes and heroines—Abraham, Joseph, Livingstone, Lincoln, Garrison, Washington, Florence Nightingale, Paul, Luther. And the more you know about these men and women the more clearly you see that they were very much like us. They were children once. They grew up by studying and playing and working and eating and sleeping, just as we do. They are our fellow citizens—but where? Of our country? No; many were foreigners. Of the world? No; they are dead. Where, then? Why, in the Kingdom of God. You will never be satisfied until you have pledged your allegiance as citizens of the City of God.

Where is this City of God? It is within you. These heroes whom you have never seen—where are they? They are in your heart. You are building this city. You are piling up its domes and spires and turrets, for it is a city not made with hands but built out of spiritual fellowships with the noble men and women of all times and places, who are your fellow citizens.

If, as you look around you, you see only dirt and squalor and meanness and crime, you do not dwell in the City of God. But if you see, shining through all things, the spirit of faith and hope and love and courage and nobility and honor and self-sacrifice, you are living in the City of God—the city not made with hands, which cometh down out of heaven from God.

"Hail, the glorious Golden City,
  Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it;
  Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
  Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
  Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
  All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
  All our lives are building-stones:
Whether humble or exalted,

All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light."

—*Felix Adler.*

PRAYER

O Thou who dwellest in the glorious golden city, the life of whose people is an everlasting life, full of peace and joy and justice, we come to Thee, each with his own little world of shattered hopes, of failures and disappointments and sins. Open before the eyes of our imaginations the gates of Thy city, that we may see within it the hopes fulfilled, the failures and sins overcome. And may we come to dwell there, citizens of Thy commonwealth and fellow citizens of the men and women and children of all places and all times who have loved Thee with an imperishable love.

We thank Thee for the men and women by whose wisdom this nation has been guided in the past. Safeguard us through the years. Grant that with honor and courage and self-forgetfulness we may earnestly seek friendship and justice and peace for all the nations.

And from our own lives we would banish all hatred and bitterness and quarreling, and strive to share, each in his own way, in the building of the City of God. And to Jesus, the Master-workman, we now pledge our strength and love. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

Note: In order that the services and the questions may be used to the best advantage, leaders and teachers should be thoroughly familiar with the suggestions made in the Introduction. These questions and those that follow each story are primarily for the purpose of promoting thoughtful conversation and giving direction to interests

stimulated in the service. Some are appropriate for younger children; some for older. Usually there are three groups representing roughly ages 6-9, 10-12, 13-18. It is not supposed that all will be used by any teacher or that they will be used as a formal exercise. Rather with these questions in mind as typical of the sort of follow-up work that is needed to make the service most effective, the teacher or parent will proceed freely to select and devise his own way of approach to the pupils.

General questions that apply to any service are given on page 11.

1. (After asking some of the general questions.) Did you ever think before how the world we live in is really the world we think about? How was it ——— (naming the leader) put it? One or two of the hymns had the same thought. So did the Scripture lesson. Do you recall any other passages in the Bible about the City of God or the Kingdom of God—e.g., Heb. 11:9-10, and the parables of the kingdom (Matt. 13, etc.), Matt. 6:33, the Lord's Prayer.

2. As Christians what is it we are really trying to do in the world? What can we (the class or the family or the club) do this year to help build the City of God?

3. Does a person have to be a citizen of any particular country? Is a person obliged to be a citizen in God's City? What are some of the qualifications for citizenship? Where can we find out?

2

The House of Friendship *

Scripture: Isaiah 61:1, 2a, 4-6, 8-11.
Psalm: 23.
Hymns: "Lead on, O King eternal;" "God of our fathers, whose almighty hand;" "The King of Love my shepherd is."

What kind of houses shall we build in the City of God?

Ever since we can remember we have all been building houses. We began when we were very small and had blocks to play with. We built houses with our blocks and then we knocked them down again. Now that we are older perhaps some of us build houses out of wood for our sisters to use for their dolls. Or it may be that we build houses for our friends the birds to live in, or real houses, when father or the carpenter helps us, for the car, or even to live in ourselves in the summer.

But there is another kind of house that we all build. Castles in the air we call them. They are "pretend" houses. You know the fair palaces we build in our imaginations, full of mysterious dungeons and secret passages and stairways and wonderful rooms. Or our pretend houses are just made of things that are going to happen to us when we grow up; there is the prince or the princess whom we will marry some day; or there is that voyage we shall take to some far distant country; or there is the work that we shall do that will astonish the world.

And then there is another kind of house. It is very much like the second kind, only it is not a pretend house. It hasn't any walls; it hasn't any ceilings; it hasn't any floors. Yet it is a real house and we live in it all the time.

When we are at school we live in a house of study. It has books in it, and tools and pictures and laboratories. Our schoolmates are

* Reprinted from *Everyland,* April, 1919.

there, and so are all the people about whom we are studying. It hasn't any walls; it hasn't any ceilings; it hasn't any floors. It is a house of the spirit not made with hands.

At home we live in a house of rest and comfort. It is a house of good times, and good things to eat and to read and to enjoy. And this house has no walls, nor ceilings, nor floors. It is a house of the spirit not made with hands.

What sort of a house are we building at Sunday school and church? It is a bigger house than all of these. It also is a house of the spirit; for it has no walls; it has no ceilings; it has no floors. Yet it is a very real house. I'll tell you what it is. It is the House of Friendship. So many people live in it: our playmates and our teachers; our fathers and mothers; the French orphans we adopted; the Armenian children who would have starved to death if we had not shared our food with them; all the great men and women, the heroes and heroines of whom we are reading in school; all the friends we once knew but whose faces we can no longer see; and Jesus, the great Friend. What a big house it is! But it has to be a big house, for friendship is big.

Let us help build a House of Friendship, then, in the City of God. The great Father will live in it with us if we want Him to. And if He does, then our House of Friendship will be the House of God.*

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN GUIDING CONVERSATIONS CONCERNING THE SERVICE

(See note on page 20)

For general questions, see p. 11. Care must be taken not to force the idea of the House of Friendship. Let it rather grow slowly and naturally.

1. In answering general questions and talking about the worship, the children will of themselves say something about the House of Friendship. Let them tell what it is, and how big it is. Let them suggest particular persons who belong to *their* house of friendship. If the class has already started some form of service the children may be asked whether they think this is helping to build the House of Friendship. In a similar way, if the story has to do with some friendly deed or some admired personality, this can be taken into the scheme by suggesting: Our story to-day is about the very House of Friendship that we are building.

* Leaders who would like suggestions for appropriate prayers will find help in the prayers of the *Manual for Training in Worship.*

2. Older pupils will come to the idea somewhat more slowly. The boys, although interested, may prefer not to talk about it. But they, too, can understand that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Possibly the best thing to do at this stage is to make casual references to the idea of the House of Friendship during the class session and to make some use of the figure in the closing prayer of the class or in the grace at Sunday dinner, and during the week in table conversation.

3

The Friendly Engine *

Scripture: James 1 : 19-27.
Psalm: 27.
Hymns: "Father, hear the prayer we offer;" "Fight the good fight;" "Soldiers of Christ, arise."

If it weren't for the railroads how very small our House of Friendship would be. It would take so long to go from one room to another, and to carry food and coal and other things folks need, from one place to another. Yet last week we thought it would have to be a big house, because friendship is so big. Of course there are many places where there are no railroads yet, and many people that never have a chance to ride. We wish they might, for we know what fun it is to look out of the car window as we rush through the country for miles and miles, and we know how much it means to us to have good things brought to our very doors from all over the world.

One winter there was a tremendous snow-storm in the great city. Day after day the snow fell fast and thick, until it was so deep that people could hardly walk and the trains were all shut up in the stations. This was very serious indeed, for it meant that the children could have no milk—the trains could not bring it in from the country.

Finally one man had a happy idea. He made his way through the great drifts to the train shed and hunted around until he found a big, black engine. Speaking very politely to the engine, he said "Please, sir, we are in great trouble because we have no milk for the children. I know it is very cold outside, and the snow is deep, but won't you take me to the country so I can get the milk?"

But the big engine drew himself up proudly and said with a snort, "I should like you to know that I am the fast express to Chicago. I don't associate with milk trains!"

* Reprinted from *Everyland*, May, 1919.

One or two other engines felt the same way about it, but finally the man found a little engine standing in a corner all by himself and began to tell the engine all about the children who had no milk. Almost before he had finished speaking the little engine said, "I'm not very big, but perhaps I could do that. Couple me up, and I'll try."

When the man heard that, he jumped into the engine cab, buttoned up his coat, and turned up his collar. The little engine puffed himself out of the shed and took hold of a train of cars that was standing near by, and so they started into the storm. It was pretty hard going, and the little engine cheered himself along by singing the song you always hear the engines singing, sometimes slowly, sometimes very fast, "I think I can—I think I can." *

On and on they went, pushing their way through the snow until they came to the open country. And all the time the little engine was working as hard as he could work, and singing, "I think I can—I think I can—I think I can."

It was bad enough on the level ground, but soon they came to a hill, and the engine puffed and panted so that his song came out in jerks: "I—think—I—can,—I—think—I—can."

Slowly and more slowly he went, so that it seemed as though he *never* would reach the top. But on he puffed, a little farther, a little higher, until he could just see the station lights winking at him through the snow. Now for one last pull: "—I—think—I—can."

His breath was almost gone. "I——*think*——I——*can!*"

And he did!

Then the farmers brought their milk in great cans, and it was loaded on the cars, and the little engine, after he had rested a while, turned around, took hold of the other end of the train, and started back to the city and the hungry children. And all the way home he sang a happy little song. It sounded like this: "I thought I could I thought I could I thought I could."

We'd find it pretty hard to get along without the engines in our House of Friendship!

* Repeated so as to give the sound of escaping steam.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN GUIDING CONVERSATION CONCERNING THE SERVICE

For general questions, see p. 11.

1. Do you use anything or wear anything or eat anything that is not carried to you on the railroads or on boats? What would happen if there weren't any railroads or boats at all? Suppose you wanted to send a letter to a friend of yours who lives in ———, what would you do? How would we know what is happening in other parts of the world? And if there were no telegraph or telephone? Yet there didn't used to be any of these things. People knew only their next door neighbors in those days. Now everybody in all the world is a neighbor of everyone else.

2. Do you remember a story Jesus told that was something like the story of the friendly engine? (The Good Samaritan.) What do you suppose the man said to the traveler who helped him?

3. Could people be friends if they could not talk or communicate in any way with one another? What effect on friendship does increasing power of communication have? We have often spoken of "world friendship." On what does this depend for realization? Does our debt, as Christian idealists, to railroads and other means of communication, involve us in obligations to those who operate them? Do you suppose the railroad men know how much they are doing to make possible a real House of Friendship?

4

A Friend to Somebody

Scripture: Luke 10:25-37.
Psalm: 146.
Hymns: "Let us with a gladsome mind;" "There's a wideness in God's mercy;" "We thank Thee, O our Father."

We have with us in our House of Friendship a strange little person by the name of Somebody. Somebody is well known to everyone of us, but she is hard to find. She says many things and does many things for us every day; but when we look for her, she cannot be found.

Who is this Somebody? We knock at her door and she says, "Come in," but when we enter she is not there. We can hear her singing, but when we seek her she is gone. She sends us flowers with no card in them. She writes us nice letters but forgets to sign her name. She says complimentary things about us to our friends but they cannot remember just who told them. She is always willing to help us.

When we are tired, Somebody says, "Cheer up!" When we are lonesome, Somebody comes and plays with us. When we are sad, Somebody makes us happy. When we are hungry, Somebody gives us food. When our clothes and shoes wear out, Somebody buys us new ones.

A boy found a pair of new gloves in his pocket one morning when he was getting ready to come to church school, and when he asked his mother who put them there, she said: "Oh, Somebody."

A little girl found a new doll in her playhouse, and said, "Mama, who gave me this pretty doll?" And her mama said: "Somebody gave it to you."

And when the teacher came into the schoolroom one morning she found that all her pencils had been sharpened, and said to the chil-

dren: "Who did this for me?" And the children all cried together: "Somebody did it."

And when some of the starving children of the countries in Europe came to get milk and bread, which tasted better to them than the best candy, they asked: "Who gave us the food?" And the people told them: "Somebody over in America." Now can you guess who Somebody is?

Isn't Somebody good to us? I wonder if we are always as good to Somebody as Somebody is to us. Are we always on the lookout for the chance to be kind to Somebody, or Somebody's mother, or sister, or brother? I want to read you a poem called "Somebody's Mother," about a boy who helped her.

"The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day,
The street was wet with recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of 'school let out,'
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
'I'll help you across if you wish to go.'

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content,
'She's Somebody's Mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow.'

And 'Somebody's Mother' bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said,
Was, 'God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is Somebody's son and pride and joy.'"

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN FOLLOWING UP THE SERVICE OF WORSHIP

General questions for each service will be found on p. 11.

1. Did you ever hear that poem before that —— (the leader of worship) read? Would you like to hear it again? (Read it.)

2. The other day I saw a blind man at a crossing. He tapped with his stick, to ask someone to help him across. Two boys were playing at the corner, right beside the blind man, who could not see the cars and teams coming this way and that. But the boys paid no attention to the blind man. They just went on with their game as though he were not there at all. I expect they had never heard of the House of Friendship. Do you suppose if they had heard that story of "Somebody," and had listened to that old story of the Good Samaritan, and had sung those songs we sang this morning, that they would have just kept on with their game and never thought at all of anybody else?

5

Little Gavroche *

Scripture: Gen. 18:2-8.
Psalm: 46.
Hymns: "O love of God, how strong and true;" "There's not a bird with lonely nest;" "Our God, our help in ages past."

Do you suppose you could build a House of Friendship inside the statue of an elephant? I know of a boy who did. And he lived in the city, too. Perhaps that is why he could. The city is such a wonderful place. Yet for some people it is very hard to live in the city. Perhaps, just because it is hard, people have to have a House of Friendship to live in, to make up for all the comfort and freedom that other folks have.

But about that boy. His name was Gavroche. He lived on the streets of Paris, for he had no father nor mother. He was white and thin, but he was strong for his size, and he knew how to take care of himself. One night, as he stood looking into a store window, he saw two boys push open the door and ask the man inside for some money. But the man chased them out, and they went off up the street, shivering and crying.

Running up to them, Gavroche said, "What's the matter?"

"We haven't any place to sleep," said the older of the two boys.

"Is that all?" cried Gavroche. "You come along with me." And, taking the younger boy's hand, he led the way along the street.

Presently, as they passed a bakery, Gavroche turned to the boys and said, "By the way, have you had any supper?"

"Supper!" said the older boy. "We haven't had anything to eat since morning."

"Well," said Gavroche, "let's see what we can do here."

So he searched through all his ragged pockets till he found a

* Retold from Hugo, *Les Misérables.* Reprinted from *Everyland,* June, 1919.

piece of money, and, going into the bakery with the two boys, he said to the baker, "We want some bread, please."

There were three slices, so he thrust the two biggest pieces into the hands of the hungry boys and ate the other piece himself.

"Now, come along," he said, and they went out into the street. Pretty soon they came to a great square, and there in the middle stood a huge plaster elephant as big as a house. For many years it had been there, and it was all falling to pieces, and the rain and the sun had turned it black; so it seemed like some mysterious monster looming up before them out of the darkness.

"You needn't be afraid," said Gavroche, for he saw that the two boys did not want to go near the elephant; "you just follow me."

So he took a long ladder that some workmen had left near by and somehow raised it up against the elephant's immense foreleg and told the older boy to climb up. But he was afraid to go. At that Gavroche scrambled up the leg of the elephant and climbed into a small hole, where the plaster had fallen away.

"Come along!" he said; "I'll help you." So the older boy managed to climb up the steep ladder till Gavroche could reach him and pull him into the great, black body of the elephant.

"Now, you stay here," Gavroche said, and then slipped down to the ground to help the younger boy, who stood there cold and crying, between the elephant's legs. He was only five years old, so Gavroche had to go up the ladder right behind him and help him climb into the hole.

As soon as they were all inside, he kicked over the ladder and shouted, "Now we're at home!"—for this was where Gavroche lived all by himself. Covering up the hole they had crawled through, he lit a piece of string that had been dipped in fat, so that they could see the inside of the elephant by the smoky, flickering light. The plaster had fallen down from the top so as to make a sort of even floor, and over in one corner was a straw mat with a blanket on it. This was his bed.

"We must go to bed now," said Gavroche, who knew that the string candle would not last long.

Then the boys saw that the bed was under a sort of screen that was

supported by sticks. The edges of the screen were kept down by stones. Lifting two of these, Gavroche showed the boys how to get inside. Then he crawled in after them and fixed the stones in place.

"Now go to sleep," he said. So the boys curled up on the straw mat, and Gavroche tucked them in under the blanket. Then he blew out the candle.

No sooner was it all dark than the wire screen over their heads began to tremble and shake, and the boys heard the scratching of many feet and a strange squeaking noise.

"What's that?" whispered the little boy.

"Rats," said Gavroche in a low voice.

"What are rats?" whispered the little boy.

"Mice," said Gavroche. "They can't get in; that's what the screen is for. Here! Take hold of my hand."

And so, while the wind blew and the rain poured down, the three homeless boys slept warm and dry in the statue of an elephant,—and because it was full of friendly feeling and kindness, it made a very good House of Friendship indeed.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO BE USED IN CLASS AND HOME

General questions are printed on p. 11.

1. What makes our House of Friendship different from any other kind of house? Is it really a house? What is it?

How do you suppose God must have felt when little Gavroche sheltered those hungry boys? Do you remember the first verse of that hymn we sang?

> "There's not a bird with lonely nest,
> In pathless wood or mountain crest
> Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
> O God, in Thy paternal care."

What did Jesus say about the birds and the flowers and God's care?

2. Do you suppose we could make some rules about what people should do to have a House of Friendship? There was "The Friendly Engine," and "A Friend to Somebody," and to-day there was "Little Gavroche," and by and by there will be other stories that will help us find out what to do in the House of Friendship. If

we could make the rules, then perhaps our class could help build the House and we could each help at home and at school. Let's make one rule each Sunday. What will the first rule be?

3. Have you read *Les Misérables?* There are some wonderful stories of friendship in it. Possibly there are some we might suggest to ——— (the leader of worship) for our services.

6

A Thanksgiving Adventure

Scripture: Luke 17: 11-18.
Psalm: 145.
Hymns: "My God, I thank Thee;" "Praise to God, immortal praise;" "God is love."

"All in favor say 'Yea.' " All the family at the breakfast table said "Yea" except Dick, who sat sullenly with his head down.

"All opposed say 'Nay,' " said his father. Dick raised his head and shouted "Nay."

The family was voting on whether or not they should have the usual Thanksgiving dinner. Mr. Morgan thought that since so much food was being sent to Europe to feed the starving people there, his family should help avoid the shortage by not having the usual Thanksgiving feast. So he explained the situation and put it to a vote. All voted in favor except Dick. Dick objected strenuously.

"Father," said Dick, "what is Thanksgiving, anyway, without the dinner? It's just the same as none at all. What has a boy to be thankful for except the turkey and cranberry sauce he eats?"

"Now, Dick," said his father kindly, "you have many things to be thankful for if you would only stop and think."

"No, I haven't, either," replied Dick, who was very cross, for he knew the majority ruled, and there would be no Thanksgiving dinner.

When Thanksgiving morning came, Dick made a half-hearted attempt to think of things to be thankful for. But all he could think of was the dinner which his mother and father and sister had voted not to have. The more he thought about it the angrier he became; until finally he decided that he wouldn't stay at home that day. Just the week before he had been up at his grandfather's farm in the country. He knew they would have a fine dinner there. He would go there just

for the day and come back again. He did not dare to ask for permission because he had been there so recently, so he got his hat and coat, slipped quietly out of the house, and started for the train.

He took the subway for the railway station, but somehow he got confused and boarded the wrong train. When he got out and climbed up to the street again he didn't know where he was. He knew he was lost, but he didn't dare ask a policeman for fear he would be taken back home again. So he wandered about almost all morning looking for the railroad station. After a while Dick began to get very hungry.

Turning into a dark street he saw some boys about his own age playing tag. Although they looked rather rough, Dick finally got up courage to ask one of them where he could find a place to eat. As soon as the boy found out that Dick had had no dinner and was hungry, he said, "Come on home with me and I'll give you some of mine." Dick followed the boy, who was dirty as could be, with an old coat and patched trousers, along a dark alley until they came to a rickety flight of stairs. Three flights up they climbed, and then Dick's friend led him to a room in the rear filled with dust and smoke and bad air.

"What's this you've got with you?" snapped a voice which belonged to Dick's friend's mother.

"Oh, this is a boy who got lost," said Sam (Sam was the boy's name). "I asked him home to eat with us. It's Thanksgiving to-day, and everybody ought to have something to eat."

"Don't you know we don't have enough for you to eat, let alone others?" stormed the angry woman. Dick thought to himself: "My goodness, I'm glad my mother doesn't talk that way to me. I wish I was back with Mother now."

Stamp! Stamp! down the hall outside. The father came in, and all the children were very quiet. Everyone seemed afraid of what might happen.

"What's this boy doing here?" roared the father, a big, rough man with a deep voice.

"Oh, father," pleaded Sam, "please let him stay. He is lost and very hungry."

"I will pay you," said Dick, as he happened to think of his rail-

road fare. The man took all his money and seemed to be satisfied, so Dick sat down to dinner with them. It was a very simple meal. Apparently Sam's father hadn't ever heard of Thanksgiving.

But even though Dick was hungry, he couldn't eat much after all, for the food wasn't clean, and he was homesick. He thought of how kind his parents were, of what a nice home he had, of his school and his beautiful toys and books. He had never been so homesick before in all his life.

After dinner the father said: "There's no place here for this lad to sleep; I'm going to take him to the police station." Dick was glad enough to go. And when the police finally found out where he lived and got him home again it was just in time for six o'clock dinner. Dick told the story of his wanderings. And when the family sat down to the table Dick thought: "My! what a feast!" But it was only the simple dinner that the family had planned.

After dinner Dick went into the library and got his notebook and his pencil and wrote his diary. And at the end he made a list of all the things he had to be thankful for. It covered the whole page and part of the next one. Do you think you could guess what went into that list of his?

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

FOR FOLLOWING UP THE SERVICE

For general questions to be used in connection with this service, see p. 11.

1. How long is it before Thanksgiving? What is Thanksgiving for? Do you think we ought to do anything to get ready for Thanksgiving? What?

2. How do you suppose your mother and father feel when they see you having such a good time on Thanksgiving? Wouldn't you like to help some other children to have a happy Thanksgiving? How could we do it?

3. Is there any difference between real gratitude and pharisaic complacency? What light do these words of Jesus throw on this? Luke 18:9-14; Matt. 5:43-48.

7

A Great Feast

Scripture: (to be read in connection with the story) Mark 6:35-42.
Psalm: 103.
Hymns: "For the beauty of the earth;" "My God, I thank Thee, who hast made;" "We thank Thee, O our Father."

I don't suppose we can ever be wholly thankful until everybody is happy; until everyone in the world has enough of all the good things that some have. Surely in the House of Friendship everyone should have enough. Strange and mysterious things happen in the House of Friendship, but none is stranger than this, that somehow or other it seems as though in a real House of Friendship there is enough for everybody.

Do you remember the story of the old woman who did not have much to eat? When Elijah came along and asked for something, she didn't want to give him any at first, for fear she and her son might not have enough. But when she really took the old man into her house of friendship and shared what she had with him, she found to her surprise that she had enough and to spare.

And do you remember the time when Jesus was talking to a great crowd of people who had come a long way from home to listen to him? By and by they got tired and hungry, and it didn't seem as though there was much of anything to eat. But Jesus, you remember, showed them how to build a house of friendship, and when they did so they discovered that there was enough for everybody. This is the way Mark tells the story. (Read at this point Mark 6:35-42.)

That doesn't seem possible, does it? And yet things like that go on in the House of Friendship every day. Shall I tell you how? Well, I don't think I'll tell you how, but I'll tell you a story that somebody told me once, and the story will tell you how.

Once the Play Angel came into a nursery where four children sat on the floor with sad and troubled faces.

"What is the matter, children?" asked the Play Angel.

"We wanted to have a grand feast!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"Yes, that would be delightful!" said the Play Angel.

"But there is only one cooky!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"And it is a very small cooky," said the child who was a cousin, and therefore felt a right to speak.

"Not big enough even for myself!" said the child whose nursery it was.

The other children said nothing, but they looked at the little cooky with mournful eyes, and their mouths went up in the middle and down at the sides.

"Well," said the Play Angel, "suppose we have the feast just the same! I think we can manage it." She broke the cooky into four pieces and gave one piece to the littlest child.

"See!" she said. "This is roast chicken. It is just as brown and crispy as it can be, and there is cranberry sauce on one side, and on the other a little mountain of mashed potato; it must be a volcano, it smokes so. Do you see?"

"Yes!" said the littlest one; and his mouth went down in the middle and up in the corners.

The Play Angel gave a piece to the next child.

"Here," she said, "is a little pie! Outside, as you see, it is brown and crusty, with a wreath of pastry leaves around the edge; but inside it is all chicken and ham and jelly and hard-boiled eggs. Did you ever see such a pie?"

"Never I did!" said the child.

"Now, here," said the angel to the third child, "is a round cake. Look at it! The frosting is half an inch thick, with candied rose leaves and angelica laid on top; and inside there are chopped-up almonds and raisins and great slices of citron. It is the prettiest cake I ever saw, and the best."

"So it is I did!" said the third child.

Then the angel gave the last piece of cooky to the child whose nursery it was.

"My dear!" she said, "just look! Here is an ice cream rabbit. He is snow white outside, with eyes of red barley sugar; see his ears, and his little snubby tail! But inside, I think you will find him pink.

"Now, when I clap my hands and count one, two, three, you must eat the feast all up. One, two, three!"

So the children ate the feast all up.

"There!" said the angel. "Did you ever see such a grand feast?"

"No, never we did!" said all the four children together.

"But you didn't have any!" said the child whose nursery it was.

"Oh, yes!" said the angel. "I had it all!" *

PRAYER †

O God, our Heavenly Father, we rejoice and give thanks for all Thy wonderful works. Thou dost indeed deal with us not as we deserve, but according to Thy great love for us. Thou hast abundantly blessed the labor of those who work in garden and field and orchard. The golden harvests are gathered in. Bountiful provision for the winter's need awaits us. And we are glad.

As we have prayed for our daily bread, so have we prayed for the coming of Thy Kingdom, that all Thy children may have more abundant life. Keep us from selfishly claiming Thy blessings for ourselves and refusing to share them with others. We thank Thee for the blessedness of giving. We thank Thee that we are able to give, for it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

May all that we possess of ease and security and friendship only make us the more eager to share our blessings with those who have made us happy, and with those who have none of the good things of life which we enjoy.

Hasten the time, O God, when all men shall be as brothers; when

* Adapted from "The Great Feast," in *The Golden Windows,* by Laura E. Richards. Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown & Co.

† From the *Manual for Training in Worship,* pp. 44 and 37. Copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

all occasions for war and suffering shall cease; and the whole world shall grow into the fellowship of an eternal peace.

In the name of the great friend and elder brother, Jesus Christ. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO BE USED AFTER THE SERVICE OF WORSHIP

Certain important questions for each service will be found on p. 11.

1. Do you suppose we could be "play angels" and make a great feast like that for somebody? I expect those pieces of bread little Gavroche gave to the boys seemed like a great feast.

(Presumably many classes and homes will be planning a Thanksgiving dinner for some family.)

Perhaps we'll have to get the same Play Angel to help us, instead of trying to be play angels ourselves. We might really play this story. We would be the "boy whose nursery it was." Who would the other children be?

2. There is something like magic about friendship. Have you ever noticed it? Have you ever seen strange things happen like what happened in the story told this morning? How about *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?* Can we make another rule for the House of Friendship to-day?

3. If the House of Friendship were finished, would there be any need for our sending someone a Thanksgiving dinner? Why not? If we do send these dinners, have we done all that the situation requires of us as Christians?

8

Bob Chase's Vacation

THANKSGIVING IN THE HOUSE OF FRIENDSHIP

Scripture: Matt. 25: 14-30.
Psalm: 103.
Hymns: "Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him;" "We plow the fields and scatter;" "For the beauty of the earth;" "We've a story to tell to the nations."
Appropriate portions of the President's or Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Bobby Chase lived in a suburb of the great city. Every morning his father hurried away after breakfast to catch the early train that took him to business, and every evening he came home just in time for dinner. Bobby was thirteen, so he was able to do a good many things at home. He took care of the furnace in winter, and shoveled the snow from the walks, and in the summer he cut the grass and helped with the garden. His mother had no maid, so he helped her about the house a good deal also.

But he was thirteen, and he had many outside things to do. He belonged to two clubs, each of which met once a week. He was on a basketball team and that took lots of practice. Now and then there was a party to go to and of course he had to go to the movies at least once a week, and then he had his studying to do. Naturally he was beginning to feel as though he had no time for errands and dishes.

One morning Bobby overslept. Or if he did hear his mother call him he didn't get up right away, and when he came downstairs his father had already gone. Bobby had hardly time to get something to eat before starting for school, and so he couldn't fix the furnace nor build the kitchen fire, but had to leave all that for his mother to do. His mother remonstrated with him about it, at which he got angry. "Now, look here, mother," he said, "I've been taking care of that furnace for two years. I can't do everything about this house and go

to school too." And he went out and slammed the door behind him.

That afternoon at the club meeting Bobby asked the other boys if they had to do a lot of things at home, and it appeared that they did not. Indeed, he was almost the only boy who had to help about the house. So that night after dinner Bobby said to his father, "Pa, I'm not going to do any more work 'round here. I'm thirteen and I have an awful lot to do at school. I've been working 'round this place all summer cutting grass and raking leaves, and now I'm going to take a vacation."

Now, his father was a very wise father, and so instead of getting angry at Bobby, he said, "Why, that's all right. I think you do need a vacation. You can pretend that you're a guest here. You can be 'Mr. Chase' and your mother and I will entertain you. As long as your vacation lasts you needn't do a thing."

"That's mighty white of you," said Bobby, and he went off to do some studying.

Sure enough, the next morning his mother did not call him. But Bobby heard his father get up and go down early to fix the furnace and build the kitchen fire. When Bobby came downstairs his father had gone to work and again Bobby had just time to snatch some breakfast and get to school.

When he came home at noon he didn't go down to take care of the furnace as he usually did, but sat down to read the *Youth's Companion* instead. Presently he heard his mother go downstairs and rake the fire and put on some coal. Now, she was not very well, and he knew that she ought not to have to do such heavy work, but he said to himself, "I'm not going to do it. I'm on my vacation. And, anyway, if she does some of this work maybe she'll appreciate me more." And he kept on with his paper.

Pretty soon they sat down to lunch. Bobby usually changed the plates, but this time his mother waited on table, for Bobby was a guest and of course it would not be proper for a guest to do that. "Anyway," thought Bobby, "I'm on my vacation, and maybe if she does it awhile she'll appreciate me more." Lunch was rather a formal affair, for of course Bobby's mother had to entertain her guest, and Bobby was glad

when it was over. After lunch, instead of helping with the dishes, he went into the other room and read some more.

Presently he heard his mother putting on her things. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm just going down town to buy the nuts and raisins for Thanksgiving."

Now, Bobby had always bought the nuts and raisins for Thanksgiving. It was his special privilege, and he certainly did want to go. But of course he was a guest and it was not customary for guests to run errands; and so he said to himself, "Oh, well, it's all right for her to do it. Maybe if she runs errands a few times she'll appreciate me more." And so he let her go.

Of course Bobby hadn't swept the walks and the steps all day, and so when his father got home he had to go out, tired as he was, and do it himself. Bobby watched him from the window. He felt as though he ought to go out there and do it, but he held himself in and said, "No. It's all right. I'm on my vacation. And, anyway, if he does it awhile maybe he'll appreciate me more."

When dinner was ready what was Bobby's surprise to find his mother all dressed up and his father in a dress suit. You see Bobby was a guest. And so his father and mother talked learnedly about politics and prices and literature and things Bobby didn't understand. All Bobby could do was to try to look intelligent and pretend he was a guest. After dinner they all went into the parlor, and, as luck would have it, Bobby sat on a stiff, uncomfortable chair. The conversation touched lightly now on music, and art, and babies, while Bobby got more and more restless. If he had been just Bobby Chase he could have sat in the living-room, or got out his lead soldiers, or gone to bed. But, of course, since he was Mr. Chase, and a guest, he just had to sit still and pretend to be interested.

By and by his father excused himself and went down to fix the furnace and get the house locked up for the night, and Bobby took advantage of his absence to slip away and go to bed. But before he got to sleep he heard his mother and father talking and laughing as they washed the dinner dishes. His door was open and he couldn't help hearing what they said. They were talking about him.

"You ought to have seen his face while I was sweeping the sidewalks," said his father. "It was the funniest thing I ever saw. He couldn't decide whether he wanted to be Bobby or Mr. Chase."

"It was just the same when I went down town to do an errand," said his mother. "He couldn't decide whether to be a guest or just Bobby."

"The trouble with Bobby," said his father, "is that he hasn't enough to do. When I was a boy, I lived on a farm. I had to get up long before daylight every morning and milk three cows, and then after breakfast I had to walk four miles to school, and when school was over I had to walk four miles home again, and then help with the chores before supper. The trouble with Bobby is that he hasn't enough to do."

"Humph!" said Bobby, and went to sleep.

But he didn't sleep very well. He had bad dreams. He dreamed he had to walk miles and miles to school, and it seemed as though he never, never would get there. The farther he went, the farther away the school would be. And in the middle of the night he had to climb out of bed in the cold and go out into the great barn and milk a thousand cows. Long, long rows of cows, as far as he could see. And his legs ached with walking and his arms ached with milking, and he was completely exhausted.

Just then he woke up. My, what a relief it was to find he did not have to milk a thousand cows nor walk miles and miles to school! He was just Bobby Chase, and all he had to do was to fix the furnace. And then he remembered he was on a vacation. "Vacation?" he said to himself. "Vacation? Where did I get that idea anyway?" And all at once it came over him how silly he had been and how he had heard his folks laughing at him.

"Vacation?" he said in disgust. "Why, I guess my mother hasn't had a vacation in ten years, nor my father either. Look here, Bobby Chase, you'd better get busy and do something, and show your folks how much you really do think of them. To-day's Thanksgiving, and a mighty good day to begin."

So he got up and started downstairs to fix the furnace. On the

way down he met his father bound on the same errand. "Why, good morning, Mr. Chase," said his father. "Anything the matter?"

"Mr. Chase, nothing," said Bobby. "My name's Robert. And say, this vacation business is all off. I'm working to-day."

PRAYER

We are very glad, our Father, that the earth yields food for the children of men, and flowers for their happiness. Thou dost abundantly provide for the needs of all thy children. Thou sendest thy rain and thy sun to bless not just some of us, but all of us. And yet some of us, some of us, O God, have been so greedy and have taken so much more than our share that others of us do not have enough to eat, nor to wear, and never see any flowers at all.

Forgive us, our Father, for supposing, because we have plenty to eat and a warm place to live, that Thou dost love us better than others. We do not deserve more than others. Grant, O God, that we may justify our privilege by our service. Every gift of Thy bounty we would share.

> "We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
> We have hard work to do, and loads to lift."

Strengthen us, therefore, by the power of thine own great spirit, that we may not falter in our duty, nor give way to our own selfish whims and moods.

And may Thy Kingdom come, O God, the Kingdom of friendship and joy and peace for all mankind.

We ask it in Jesus' name. Amen.

9

A Bag of Sugar

Scripture: Matt. 25: 34-40.
Psalm: 95: 1-7a.
Hymns: "My God, I thank Thee;" "O beautiful for spacious skies;" "It came upon the midnight clear."

Thanksgiving is over. What happy associations gather around that word. It has been a happy day ever since the first Thanksgiving so long ago when the Indians came and celebrated the gathering in of the first harvest with the early settlers. Of course the Thanksgiving dinner is the best part of it, with the turkey and the cranberry sauce and the pumpkin pie. But, do you know I believe some of you have been discovering lately that it is just about as much fun to get a Thanksgiving dinner for someone else as it is to have one yourself. And even if you don't think it is just as much fun, you know very well that you ought to do it. You know very well that it is not fair that anyone should go hungry.

Do you remember what our hymn that we have just sung calls this going shares with others? The hymn says,

> "And crown thy good with brotherhood,
> From sea to shining sea."

When some of you planned that Thanksgiving dinner for some friends of yours and paid for it out of your own money, you crowned your good with brotherhood. When you went without sodas and candy and sent your money to feed the starving Armenian children, you crowned your good with brotherhood. When some of you got up a play and used the proceeds to adopt a French orphan, you were crowning your good with brotherhood.

The other day I read a story about some girls who did just this thing. Their names were Mary and Alice and Helen. It was during

the war, and they didn't have any sugar. They couldn't make any candy, and their mothers and fathers couldn't have sugar in their coffee, and none of them had sugar for cakes or cookies or pies or any of the sweet things we all like so much. And so they had come to the store to see whether they could get some. The store man said they could have two pounds apiece. That would not go a great way in a big family, and they couldn't have any more for a long time. So it was very precious.

Just as they were coming out of the store, something dreadful happened. Alice stumbled, and her bag of sugar fell to the ground and burst all open, and the sugar was spilled in the muddy gutter. And she couldn't have any more. What do you suppose Mary did? Do you think she said, "Oh, you careless thing! What made you do that?" No, she didn't say that. Or do you think she said, "Oh, Alice, I'm terribly sorry you lost your sugar." No, she didn't even say that. She went back into the store and got another bag, and then she put one-third of her sugar into it. Helen saw what she was doing and began edging toward home. She wasn't going to give away any of her sugar. Not she. But Mary looked at her, and held open the bag that had a third of her own sugar in it; and Helen stopped edging away, and just looked glum. "Come on, Helen," said Mary. And so finally Helen came up and put one-third of her sugar in the bag, and they gave the bag to poor Alice. And so they all had the same amount of sugar, and they were all happy, for Alice had her sugar, which she had lost, and Helen had her self-respect, which she had almost lost.

I would like to have been Alice, and to have had friends like that, who were willing to do the square thing by me when I was in trouble. I'd like to have been Helen, too, and to have overcome myself the way she did, and have kept my selfishness from getting in my way when I really wanted to do the right thing. But I would like best of all to have been Mary, and to have—but I don't need to tell you why I would like to have been Mary, as you know why already.

PRAYER

Some of us are only five years old, our Father. Some of us have only just begun to come to this place Sunday by Sunday. Some of us are much older, and have been coming here for years. We are all here together now in this place of worship. And we are glad that it doesn't make any difference how old or how young we are, but that Thou art listening to us all and speaking to us all.

Each one of us out of his own heart speaks to Thee to-day of something he alone is especially grateful for—perhaps for being able to gain a good mark at school, or to go to a party. But we are glad most of all for what we can have all together—for our Thanksgiving holiday, for this school, for homes and friends, for all the good things which everybody ought to have, and which it is not fair for us to have all to ourselves. And so we are grateful, our Father, for everything that brings happiness and opportunity and health to *all* Thy children.

Thou hast permitted us to take part in this work of bringing the good things of life to those whom Thou dost love, and who have a right to these things—our friends here for whose Thanksgiving dinner we were responsible, our little friends in Syria and Armenia to whom we are sending the money by which they can get something to eat and to wear. We are not proud of what we have done, our Father, for it has been very little in proportion to the splendid things other people have done for us. But we want to do more, for we feel that it is only fair that we should help make good things go around, and we are glad for what everyone is doing to build the House of Friendship in the City of God.

Teach us, therefore, to follow the Master, Jesus Christ, who was the great helper and champion of men. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO BE USED IN FURTHERING THE EFFECTS OF THE WORSHIP

General questions are on p. 11.

1. There is a good deal of happiness in the world, isn't there? Enough to go all the way around, do you think? What makes unhappiness for so many

people? What do you suppose the Father in Heaven thinks about it? What do you suppose He wants us to do about it?

2. We ought to be able to make another rule to-day for the House of Friendship. You know all cities have charters and also ordinances or laws which the people make for the guidance of their conduct. The rules we are making now might be "Section I of The Ordinances of the City of God." Has the City of God a charter? Where would we look for it?

3. Have you found any stories in *Les Misérables* or elsewhere that ——— (the leader of worship) might use for these services on the House of Friendship? How would it do to write one?

10

The House of God

Scripture: Acts 17: 16-28.
Psalm: 23.
Hymns: "The King of Love my shepherd is;" "Wise men from the East come;" "While shepherds watched their flocks;" "O little town of Bethlehem."

The House of Friendship that we are building is not like the houses that we live in. It has neither doors nor windows, nor floors, nor walls, nor ceilings. It is built without all these things because our friends and the things they do cannot be shut up in walls.

There was once a man who thought that God lived in a house just like the ones we live in. This man's name was Solomon, and he was the son of King David. When David died Solomon became King of Israel. The people of Israel at that time had no churches such as we have to worship in, so they went up on a mountain and put up a big tent and worshiped there. David wanted to build a house for God, but he was told to wait and let Solomon build it. But even before David had died the people had brought enough iron, brass, precious stones and other things to put into the new temple. Everyone wanted to help build this house for God to live in.

So when David died, the young King Solomon began the work on the house of God. The Bible says that seventy-three thousand men went to work carrying materials to Jerusalem, because in those days they had no railroads to haul things. Then eighty thousand more men went into the mountains to cut stone for the walls of the house. And to get wood for the house they had to send to the mountains of Lebanon, many miles away, for there were not many big trees in Palestine. Solomon also asked the King of Tyre to have the trees carved into beautiful shapes, and to send men to him who knew how to work in brass and gold and silver to make ornaments for the house. All this the King of Tyre did. He sent the skilled workers, and ordered

thousands of men into the mountains to hew logs and drag them down to the sea to be floated to Jerusalem.

How hard the people worked to finish the house of God! Month by month the building grew until at last it was finished. How beautiful it was! It had big pillars in front and wide porches all the way around, making the outside more wonderful than any building had ever been before. But the inside was even more splendid. Everywhere there were fine gold and silver and thousands of precious stones. The tables were gold, the vases were gold, the candlesticks were gold. There were all kinds of pots and vessels, bowls and spoons, some of gold and some of burnished brass.

After the house was finished Solomon called all the people together. They sang psalms and praised God and dedicated this dazzling new temple to Him. But after it was all over, Solomon looked at the wonderful building and said:

"Behold, if the heavens and the earth cannot contain Thee, O Lord, how much less can this house which I have built."

So, although many of the Jews still thought that God could be shut up in a house, Solomon knew better. In later years the Greeks also believed, some of them, that their gods lived in houses. But when the Apostle Paul preached to them in Athens, he told them that God dwells not in temples made by hands. And Jesus told the woman at the well of Sychar that "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

So the House of God is not a house of windows, doors, ceilings, nor walls. It is a House of Friendship, which we build by doing kind deeds and loving others.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, we thank Thee that love is everywhere. We thank Thee that our friends are always with us, and that where they are and where love is, Thou art. We thank Thee that we have churches and houses in which we can worship Thee, but we thank Thee, too, that Thou canst be found outside as well as inside these houses. We are glad that Thou dost speak to us in so many ways. We see Thee in the sunshine and the flowers and the lives of our

friends. Help us, O Father, to learn to love Thee more and find in Thee the great Companion. We ask it in the name of Jesus, the friend of all mankind. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO BE USED AS A BASIS FOR DISCUSSING THE SERVICE

It is best to begin with the general questions on p. 11.

1. Thanksgiving is behind us. What is just ahead of us? Did any of our songs remind you of it? Thanksgiving is a friendly time, isn't it? Do you think Christmas is, too? What do we do at Christmas time?

2. Do you remember the Call to Worship we are using now in our service? We had another talk sometime ago about the House of God. It was when we first began our House of Friendship. Perhaps we thought at first that a house of the spirit was not something real. What do you think about it now?

3. Do you suppose the Twenty-third Psalm was ever used in the temple worship? What do you think the author meant by "the house of God"? What do you suppose the worship at the great festivals was like? Perhaps some Jewish schoolmates will describe what their church worship is like to-day, or we might visit a synagogue sometime. The Hebrew prayer book has many beautiful prayers in it. Would you like to see them? What kind of worship do you think God really wants?

II

Christmas in the House of Friendship

A BOY WHO HELPED A PRINCE

(A fanciful story, suitable for some portion of the Christmas season)

There was once a king who ruled over a very large kingdom—so large, in fact, that he could not look after everything himself. So he got his son, the Prince, to help him, and he gave him one of the most important of all his former duties to see to, namely, that of making the people good.

Now, of course, the Prince could not make all the people good at once, so he decided he would try to make one person good every day. This meant that in a year he would be able to change three hundred and sixty-five bad persons into good persons. It was a very fine plan indeed.

But the Prince could not do all this by himself, so he got a big policeman to help him. Each morning the policeman set out on his rounds, swinging his club and keeping a strict watch for wicked people, and each day at twelve o'clock the Prince seated himself on his throne and waited to see whom the policeman would bring to him. On the very first day, just at twelve o'clock, the policeman came solemnly in, leading a very angry man, who the Prince saw at once was a farmer. The policeman brought the farmer right up to the throne and made a low bow.

"What has this man done?" asked the Prince.

"May it please Your Highness," replied the policeman, "he is a very bad farmer. Last night when a neighbor's cow broke through a fence into his corn-field and ate only a very little of the corn, he grew terribly angry and beat the poor cow until it was nearly dead. And I

have heard that he always behaves like that; he never forgives anyone who hurts him in the least manner, even if it occurs accidentally."

The Prince saw that this man with the cruel and unforgiving heart would be very hard indeed to cure. He hardly knew what to do. After thinking a long while and not arriving at any solution, he decided to go for a walk with the farmer that afternoon, because he could always think better when he was walking.

They walked and walked and walked and all the while the Prince kept wondering how he could make this farmer better. He wanted to teach him somehow to forgive people—yet he could not think of any plan. So he walked faster and then still faster, but without the least success, until at last they came to a street where a little boy and girl were playing with a ball. It was a beautiful ball, painted all over with red and green and yellow colors, and naturally the ragged little boy to whom it belonged was very proud of it. Now, just as the Prince and the farmer came along an awful thing happened,—the little girl made a bad throw and the beautiful ball rolled down the gutter, and fell at last between the iron gratings right into the sewer! When the farmer saw this happen he became angry at the careless girl, and he was sure the ragged boy would become angry too. But the little boy astonished him, for he didn't grow angry a bit; instead he brushed a tear from his eye, and though it hurt his feelings to lose the ball, he walked right over to the little girl, and said: "Don't you mind, I don't care if the ball is lost."

Something wonderful happened in the farmer's heart when he saw that. He grew miserable and ashamed when he remembered how he had beaten the cow,—so miserable and ashamed, in fact, that his heart was changed from a hard and cruel one to a very tender and forgiving one. Never again was the farmer angry and unforgiving when anyone did him an injury, but as long as he lived everyone liked him because he was kind and overlooked trifling troubles.

The next day at twelve o'clock sharp the Prince again seated himself on his throne and called for his policeman. Presently he entered, this time leading a tall and gruff-looking man, who wore a high silk hat.

"What has this man done?" asked the Prince.

"Please, sir, he is always harsh and thoughtless, and has never been known to do a kind deed for anybody," replied the policeman.

Again the Prince was obliged to take the bad man for a walk, and again, though he walked ever so fast, he could think of no way to change him. Just as the Prince was about to give up in despair, along came a butcher's cart with a ragged little boy riding merrily behind. Presently the cart stopped, the boy jumped off, and the Prince and the hard-hearted man saw him pick up a little bluebird that was fluttering on the grass. And when they came up they noticed that the little bird had hurt its wing and was no longer able to fly. All that was needed was a little bit of care while the wing grew strong again, so the little boy tenderly carried it home, where he could nurse it better.

"How foolish for anyone to care about a little bird; better to have killed it then and there," said the hard-hearted man.

But as they walked home, the more he thought of that boy's kindness the more he liked it in spite of himself, and by the time he had reached the palace, he concluded it was the finest thing he had ever seen. And never again was he hard and unfriendly and thoughtless, thinking only of himself, but as long as he lived everyone liked him because he was always ready to lend a hand and do a good turn.

Now, on the third day at the very same hour, when the palace clock was striking twelve, the Prince sat on his throne again, and before him stood the blue-coated policeman and a little old man with a wrinkled face and a long, white beard.

"What has this man been doing?" asked the Prince.

"May it please Your Highness," answered the policeman, "he's a miser. He keeps for himself all he can lay his hands on, and he would rather die than to give away so much as a penny."

Now, merely by looking at the man's face the Prince could tell that he was the meanest man in all the kingdom, and that it would be harder to make him good than anyone the policeman had ever brought before. But he made up his mind he would try at least.

So he and the wizened old miser started out for their afternoon walk, with the Prince wondering how he could ever change such a selfish old person, and the miser making up his mind stronger than ever that he would not be changed. If other men had made the

Prince puzzled, this man drove him to despair. He could think of nothing that might make him any better. Finally the Prince was in such straits that he was actually running, and the miser was having a hard time to keep up, grumbling all the while. At last the Prince became so exhausted he had to stop and rest.

Just as they were getting their breath nicely, along came a little ragged boy, looking very doleful indeed.

"What's the matter?" asked the Prince, for he liked this boy and hated to see him in trouble. At first the boy would not tell, but the Prince kept asking, and at last he confessed—he was awfully hungry and hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, because his father had earned no money that day. The Prince hoped that the miser would be touched by the boy's story, but he noticed that the old man was not listening. So the Prince gave the boy half a shilling and away he ran to buy himself an apple pie, while the Prince turned sorrowfully toward the palace. He had failed to make the old miser any better.

But when they turned the next corner what do you suppose they saw? Why, sitting there on the curbstone was the ragged little boy, sharing his apple pie with a hungry dog. First the boy would take a bite and then the dog, and you couldn't have told which was the hungrier!

The Prince and the miser looked on until the pie was all eaten and the boy and the dog had run off down the street to play. Then, as they turned to walk home, the Prince saw a tear in the miser's eye, and by the look on his wrinkled old face he could tell that his selfish heart had at last become kind. Never again did he grab everything for himself, but as long as he lived everyone liked him, because he was always ready to go shares and play fair.

Now it happened that the Prince was out walking by himself the next day, and he came upon the same little ragged boy sitting on a doorstep and looking very sad indeed.

"Why, what's the matter now?" asked the Prince.

"Well," said the boy, "you see, I'm no good. I'm just a boy with ragged clothes and I can't do anything the way other children can."

"On the contrary," said the Prince, "you're the most valuable man

in my kingdom." And then the Prince told him how the angry farmer had been changed when he saw the little boy forgive the girl who lost his ball; how the hard-hearted old gentleman had been changed when he saw the boy pick up the bluebird and take it tenderly home; and how the mean, stingy old miser had been changed when he saw the little boy share his pie with the dog.

"And they were all made better," said the Prince, "just because they saw a little ragged boy play fair. There are many men who can make my kingdom worse, but there is only one little ragged boy who can make it better, and that little ragged boy is you."

Closing the Period on the House of Friendship

No talk or service is suggested for this as this occasion offers a fine opportunity to make use of material gathered by the children. They might at this time report what they have done in their classes to help build the first house in the City of God. Such rules as some may have developed for conduct in the House of Friendship might be read by the children and explained. Some story selected or prepared by some class might be told by a pupil. In other words, let this be as far as possible the children's own work.

PART II

THE HOUSE OF JUSTICE*

FROM CHRISTMAS TO JUST BEFORE EASTER

Call to Worship: "God hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

ORDERS OF SERVICE

FROM WHICH ONE OR MORE MAY BE SELECTED FOR THIS PERIOD

Without Choir

1

1. Instrumental Prelude
2. Opening Stanza sung by school (a doxology or one verse of a hymn such as "Holy, holy, holy")
3. The Lord's Prayer
4. Scripture Lesson
5. Offering (with prayer by leader or school)
6. Hymn
7. Story or Talk
8. Prayer
9. Hymn
10. Closing Prayer by leader or a Unison Prayer
11. Benediction

2

1. Opening Sentence
2. A Unison Prayer
3. A Doxology
4. Scripture Lesson
5. Story or Talk
6. Prayer
7. The Lord's Prayer
8. Hymn
9. Benediction

With Choir

3

1. Instrumental Prelude, closing with music of first hymn
2. Call to Worship
3. Hymn
4. Choir Sentence
5. The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen
6. Story or Talk
7. Prayer
8. Choir Response
9. Hymn or Musical Benediction

4

1. Processional Hymn
2. Psalm
3. The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen
4. Choir Sentence
5. Unison Prayer, Choir Amen
6. Hymn
7. Story or Talk
8. Prayer, School Amen
9. School Benediction
10. Recessional Hymn

*Corresponding to the period of Reverence and a portion of the period of Faith as described in the *Manual for Training in Worship*.

12

The House of Justice

Scripture: Isaiah 52:1a, 7, 10; 60:1-3, 18, 19.
Psalm: 23.
Hymns: "God is my strong salvation;" "Ten thousand times ten thousand;" "Thy kingdom come, O Lord."

No city ever was finished. As we walk up and down the streets of our own town we see new houses going up here and there where there never were any before. And sometimes old houses that are worn out or are too small are being torn down and bigger and better buildings are being put up instead. On the outskirts of the town new streets are being laid out. Perhaps some of the old streets are being rebuilt with better paving, or the sidewalks are being widened, or gas-pipes or sewers are being placed in deep trenches. The conditions under which people live their common life in the city are being improved all the time. And the way their common affairs are being managed is changing from year to year—new officers are elected, new ways of doing things are adopted. And so the city changes and grows and is never finished. Yet we live in it all the time it is being built.

So it is with the City of God. The City of God is not finished. It is changing and growing, and we ourselves are living in it even while we are building it.

God is not building the City all alone. Look around at this beautiful room in which we are sitting. No one person built this building. There was the architect who made the plans, and the contractor who hired the workmen and bought the wood and stone and iron, the men who cut the stone and laid it in place, the carpenters who built the floors and the seats, the artists who designed the windows, the painters who decorated the walls and ceiling. Hundreds of people worked to build this building. Hundreds of thousands are helping to build the City of God.

But the workmen have to learn how. It was so with the men who built this church. The architect, the masons, the carpenters, the artists, the painters, and all the others had to work long years before they became skilful enough to build this building. They had to learn how to make plans, and cut stone, and lay floors, and make furniture, and design windows. So we are learning how to build the City of God by coming here to school and to church. That is what our school is for. But it will take a long time to become skilful workmen. Sunday after Sunday, year after year, we will come to learn until we get to be master workmen, who can build wisely and well.

Not long ago we started together to build one of the houses of this great City of God—the House of Friendship. We shall keep on living in the House of Friendship, and its doors will always be open to all who wish to join us there. But we must go on to build other houses. Perhaps the house we most need just now in God's City is the House of Justice. It will be harder to build this house than it has been to build the House of Friendship. But we bring to our work all the skill we have gained from what we have already done.

In this House of Justice which we shall help to build all the quarrels of men will be ended, for every man and every nation will be treated fairly. No one will withhold from anyone else the food, the clothing, the work, the happiness, the opportunity, that is his by right. And so the world will be at peace, and wars shall cease forever.

PRAYER *

O Thou, who art our Father and our God, we thank Thee for all the great and wise men who have tried through all the ages to guide the nations of the earth according to Thy will. And we thank Thee for all the brave, strong-hearted women through whom the world has received shelter, comfort and inspiration.

We pray, our Father, for our country. May we be enabled to do our share in cleansing it of all dross of corruption and oppression. We pray for the nations of the world in their struggle to win for themselves peace and dignity and stability. May their leaders be guided by

* From the *Manual for Training in Worship*, p. 83, copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

the desire to achieve for their countrymen all that the world has found to be wise and good.

As we begin to take a larger part in the life and activities of the world, grant, our Father, that we may do what is wise and good, whether it seems at first to bring us success or not. For we would play fair in the game of life.

We pray, our Father, for all whose hearts are saddened by the loss of any whom they love. Renew their faith. Give them courage and hope. May they find rich comfort in the knowledge of Thy goodness and love. And grant, O Father, that, whether through sorrow or through joy, we may all share in the sure coming of Thy Kingdom as brother workers with our leader and friend, Jesus Christ. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO ASSIST IN BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN WORSHIP AND STUDY AND SERVICE

As noted before, before using any of the following topics for discussion, it is well to glance over the general questions on p. 11.

1. Do you know what "justice" is? Do you know what it is to "play fair"? Is it always easy to play fair? What makes it hard? Do you suppose our worship every Sunday might help us all to play fair? How do you think we can play fair in the service?

2. Do you like that call to worship we used this morning? How many remember it? Do you know where it is from? (Micah 6:8). What would you think of all the children's saying it together from memory? Shall we ask ——— (the leader) what he thinks of that idea? That would make a pretty good rule for Section II of the Ordinances of the City of God, wouldn't it? Or would it be better as a part of the Charter?

3. What is the relation between friendship and justice? How essential do you think justice is to the City of God? How do men discover what the "just" thing is in any given case?

13

The Just Prince

Scripture: Amos 5:6-9, 21, 24.
Psalm: 146.
Hymns: "As the sun doth daily rise;" "O Love of God;" "Christ for the world we sing."

Once upon a time there lived a king and a prince all alone in a big castle away up on a high hill. There was a big iron fence around the castle with two gates in it, one on the north and one on the south. And before each of these gates were soldiers night and day, lest someone should get in and kill the King or carry off the Prince. The Prince, whose name was Rowland, was very lonely. Long before he could remember his mother had died, and he had been brought up by a nurse who was not very kind.

One day Prince Rowland stole down from his playroom in the castle to the garden, and saw that the guard at the gate was asleep. He darted through the gate and ran away down to the village which lay in the valley below the castle. As he walked along he saw lots of children playing in the streets, and having more fun than he had ever dreamed of. It was not long before Prince Rowland joined in the fun and was having the finest time ever.

Rowland made friends that day with many of the children, but especially with a little boy named Bobby Green. So as often as he could find the guard asleep he would steal away down to the village by the river to the little hut where Bobby lived. One day the Prince was on the doorstep waiting for Bobby to come out, when he heard Bobby and his mother talking.

"Mother," Bobby was saying, "why can't we live in a big stone castle like the good Prince Rowland?"

"Why, because we are so poor, son," replied his mother as she went on with her work.

"Well, Mother, why are we so poor?" insisted Bobby.

"Because your father works in the factory and earns scarcely enough for your clothes and bread, son."

"Well, Mama, why isn't the King poor too?"

"Because he gets taxes from the people."

"Mother, do we pay taxes?"

"Yes."

"Did our money help build the big castle?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mother, then why can't I even look through the iron bars at the flowers? I was up there calling for the Prince one day but the soldiers drove me away."

"I can't tell you, my boy."

"Mother, who pays all the soldiers?"

"The King, dear."

"Then the King takes our money and pays soldiers to keep us from looking at our own flowers?"

"Run on and play, son," said the kind mother; "perhaps some day you will see the King."

This conversation made the Prince very thoughtful. He wondered why all this should be. It made him ashamed of his father, the King, and he thought how much he'd rather live with Bobby all the time than up in the castle.

Then many days passed and Bobby did not see Rowland. He heard that the King had caught him and forbidden him to leave the castle. Then later war was declared by a near-by nation and the Prince had to go to war with his father and the army. Many boys' fathers had to go, too, and among them Bobby's father. Bobby was too young to go, so he took care of his mother. Day after day the news kept coming of someone killed or wounded, and more men had to go. So many went that the older children had to leave school and go to the factories with the women to make guns and shells.

By and by the war was over and Prince Rowland returned to find that his father, the King, had died. But he noticed that all the people were glad to see him and no one seemed sorry about the death of the King. Rowland became King in his stead, and the very first

thing he did was to tear down the iron fence around the Royal Palace and dismiss all the soldiers. He planted gardens for the children, and made playgrounds for them.

But he found that the war had left the village in a terrible condition. He met children in the streets who he thought were returning from school and found that they were coming from work in factories. He saw blind and crippled soldiers helplessly trying to get along, and women working beyond their strength.

Then he made over the whole Royal Palace and took in all the fatherless children and all the blind and crippled and all who had been made poor by the greed and injustice of his father's reign. How happy they all were! And they all agreed to do something for the village each day, King Rowland with the rest. One would pick up paper and glass, another would weed the garden, another would sweep the sidewalks. And after a while Rowland decided that the castle should no more be called the Royal Palace, but the House of Justice.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO ASSIST IN BRIDGING THE GAP BETWEEN WORSHIP AND STUDY AND SERVICE

General questions on p. 11.

1. What share do you suppose we could have in building the House of Justice? Last week, you remember, we said justice meant "playing fair" to everybody. (Here the use to which the children are putting their money or their work for hospital children or others who are not getting a square deal may be associated with the school enterprise for this period and with Rowland's treatment of the children and unfortunates of his town.)

2. Do you think the King played fair in the story? Bobby certainly asked his mother some hard questions. (Read story at this point if it is not remembered.) How would you have answered Bobbie if you had been his mother? Did the Prince play fair? Did any of the scripture lesson suggest a rule for Section II of our Ordinances? (Quote Amos 5:24.) This is one of the great verses of the Bible.

3. Why do followers of Jesus lay stress on justice? Is there anything about our own school or church or class or home that needs to be changed in the interest of justice? Who are going to build the new social order? (Classes dealing with social problems will find it easy to take over the emotional values of the worship into the class discussions and to tie up their work with the scheme for the period.)

14

On Prayer

Scripture: Luke 11:1-10.
Psalm: 139.
Hymns: "God is love, His mercy brightens;" "The Lord is rich and merciful;" "O Master, let me walk with thee."

Jesus prayed. And he taught his disciples to pray. When they came to him and asked him to teach them to pray, you notice he said: "*When* ye pray——" He did not say, "*If* ye pray." He knew they prayed.

Every one of you prays. "Oh, no," someone says, "I don't." Don't you? Well, perhaps you think "saying prayers" is praying. It isn't, always, and sometimes people pray who don't "say their prayers." Praying is a much bigger thing than saying prayers.

Sometimes you have been away from home on a visit. You had a wonderful time. But after a while you began to miss something. Perhaps you got a little homesick, even though you wouldn't admit it. And when you came home you came with that strange excitement and expectancy we all feel when we are on our way home. What was it you missed that made you feel lonesome and shy and not quite yourself? Why it was the confidence and assurance that comes when we know someone whom we can trust is backing us up. The boy with a big, strong older brother can afford to take risks with his neighbor because he knows he will be backed up! Well, God backs us up, too. Prayer is the consciousness that God is backing us up.

I once read these words in the diary of a young man of eighteen who was a senior in high school. His team had just played a tie game with a rival, and he made the touchdown. "The fellows took me off the field on their shoulders," he writes. "It was a happy day for me, though I wish we could have won. Yet it is all to Him that the glory and honor is due. It is He who helped me to make that run, and my heart went out to Him in simple adoration."

And do you remember the Psalm that says: "For by thee I run through a troop; and by my God do I leap over a wall"?

Why shouldn't we have the same feeling of God's help right here, at school, in our games, our examinations, our work? In all these tests of our strength, these ordeals, these daily duties and contests, there is something we all want, and that is *power*. We want mastery over ourselves, over things, over forces.

Now, is there any relation between power and prayer?

Some of the greatest men that ever lived have thought so and found it to be so. Our great leaders have been men who prayed. Men who have achieved great things and have conquered tremendous obstacles have so often been men of prayer. Take Grenfell, for example. "The privilege of prayer," he says, "to me is one of the most cherished possessions, because faith and experience alike convince me that God himself sees and answers, and his answers I never venture to criticize. . . . In the quiet of the home, in the heat of life and strife, in the face of death, the privilege of speech with God is inestimable . . . when I can neither see, nor hear, nor speak, still I can pray so that God can hear." So there are thousands of men in all times and places who have found power in prayer.

What is this power?

Whenever you see a new tool that you have never seen before, you immediately ask: "What is it for?" You could not use it if you did not know what it was for. Back of every tool and machine that was ever made lies a *purpose,* and you have to know what this purpose is before you have power over the tool or the machine. So, back of nature, with all its mystery and its grandeur, back of the events of human life, the daily routine, the strife and clash of men, the beauty and peace of homes, lies the purpose of God. Could we know this purpose, we could master the affairs of our daily life.

But how can we find out what this purpose is? By studying chemistry, or mathematics, or geography, or medicine, or law? No: by prayer.

Men of power are men of prayer; they are constantly discovering God's purpose for the world, and so they overcome the world.

PRAYER

(Suggesting at first the thought for silent prayer. Each of the introductory sentences should be followed by a moment of silence.)

And now let each one of us say in his own heart—

Lord, teach us to pray. . . .

And now let each one of us say in his own heart—

Father, we want to understand Thy will. . . .

We want to know what this world is for in which we live. We want to be a part of the world's life, our Father. . . .

We want to share in carrying out Thy purpose. . . .

We want to help and to know what we can do to help. . . .

We would offer ourselves as workmen in Thy Kingdom for the building of a better world.

We would be strong to overcome all our childish faults, to resist all temptations, to forgive all those who do us wrong.

We would forget the failures and mistakes and sins that lie behind us and press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

And now and always we would pray in the spirit of Jesus, our Master and Friend. Amen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

General questions are on p. 11.

It may take several weeks to bring the children to the point of desiring to make their own prayer for the class, each one contributing a phrase or a whole prayer, to be built into a class prayer. Frequent conversations are necessary with children who are not used to prayer in the home. There is not so much need of discussion here as there is of the experience of prayer under the leadership of the teacher or parent. As this experience grows, discussion should follow the lead of the children's own questions about prayer.

With the older children, who have had more experience of prayer, the philosophy and psychology of prayer can at once be taken up. The leader, however, should first prepare himself by study* to handle the typical questions of young people.

* Teachers will find other stories about prayer in the *Manual for Training in Worship,* under the heading "Reverence." See also Mumford, E. E. R., *The Dawn of Religion in the Mind of a Child;* Fosdick, H. E., *The Meaning of Prayer.*

15

Mary Stone *

Scripture: Matt. 18: 1-6; 19: 13-15.
Psalm: 98.
Hymns: "All things bright and beautiful;" "The King of Love my shepherd is;" "Immortal Love."

A number of years ago there was born in central China a baby girl. Now many baby girls in China are not wanted at all. Maybe you have heard grown-ups in this country talking about giving away the baby, but you knew they were only joking and really wouldn't think of doing such a thing. But in China girl babies are often so unwelcome that sometimes they are actually given away or left to die because they are not wanted. But little Maiyü (which means "Beautiful Gem") was more fortunate than most Chinese girls, because she was born into a Christian home.

But there was another way in which she was different from most Chinese girls. At that time all the girls had their feet bound when they were very young, so they would remain small all their lives. They thought it looked pretty, but oh, the aches and pains that came to the little feet that wanted to grow when the bandages wouldn't let them! But little "Beautiful Gem" was to be different here also, for her father and mother decided when she was very small that they would never have her feet bound and crippled, for they were Christians.

When little Maiyü was only eight years old, her father and mother brought her to the American missionary doctor and told him, "We want our daughter to become a doctor." This was unheard of, a Chinese girl to become a doctor! Why should she want to be a doctor?

Well, suppose for a moment that we had no doctors in this big city, not a single one. Nobody at all to look after us when we have diseases

* Based on data found in Margaret E. Burton's *Notable Women of Modern China,* copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

or accidents. And let us suppose, too, that father and mother did not know very much about how to keep us well or to nurse us if we were sick. Suppose they didn't know what a good medicine fresh air is, or even how to keep the food we eat and the milk we drink good and clean and wholesome. Don't you think we would need a few doctors to tell us how to keep well and to look after us when we were sick?

China was very much like this, and still is in many places. But there was one good American doctor there at the mission, and he was doing so much to help the people that little Maiyü thought nothing else in the world could be so interesting as to become a doctor and help too.

But it seemed such a long time before she could become a doctor. She was only eight, and there were long years of going to school in China. I am sure she must have been discouraged a great many times, but she worked hard; and finally the time came when she was to leave for America to study medicine. When she arrived, people had such a hard time remembering her name that she changed it from "Maiyü" to the English "Mary Stone."

At last she was ready to go back and begin her work. How she had looked forward to it! And the Chinese were just as glad to see her as she was to get back. It was only a very short time before she had so many sick and blind and crippled people coming to her to be healed that she couldn't possibly take care of them all. Just imagine how many people there would be *here* to see a doctor if we hadn't had any for a long time and finally got just one!

There were so many that a hospital was needed. A friend in Chicago gave Dr. Stone the money for the building. It is a beautiful place, so nice that the people who come there are almost cured just by the clean bedding and the care of the kind nurses.

And that is how little Maiyü's dream came true, how a little Chinese girl became a noted doctor, able to help the people she loved, who needed her so much. She not only helped to cure people who were sick, but she also taught them the things they most needed to know. Other missionaries are doing their best in other places, and some day we shall have a China where none of the little girls bind their feet, and where there are doctors enough to go around, and where everyone can have a Christian education. And when that time comes

it will be because we have helped the Chinese people to become Christians, and to take care of their children just as Beautiful Gem's father and mother took care of her.

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the great and good people who have lived and who are now living and working in Thy world. Give them the faith and courage they need for their tasks. We pray for all who are anywhere in the world trying to make people better and happier. Help us to make them our friends in the comradeship of Christian service.

May Thy blessing rest upon our brothers and sisters everywhere, in China and India and Japan and Africa and Europe, or wherever they may be. Thou knowest and carest alike for them and for us. Help us to help effectively wherever we can, and grant that we may learn to give of our love and strength where people need us most.

We ask it in the spirit of him who went about healing and teaching and doing good to all men, Jesus, our Lord. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO FOLLOW UP THE SERVICE

Preliminary questions are given on p. 11.

1. Why do you suppose Jesus was so fond of little children? I think the Heavenly Father loves them all, too, don't you? How does he take care of them? Supposing they haven't any fathers or mothers? Supposing their fathers and mothers don't know how to take care of them? What did Mary Stone do to help God take care of the little Chinese children?

2. Do you suppose Mary Stone ever wanted to stay where everyone thought highly of her and appreciated her and where she could be comfortable, instead of going back to her own people, who couldn't understand her? Why do you suppose she went back? What do you mean by "wanted to"? What did she really *want?* That comes pretty close to what we want in our House of Justice, doesn't it?

3. What did Jesus mean by saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"? What place have children of any race in God's plan? Are we under any obligation to see that justice is done to other people's children? What will a Christian social order do for children?

16

Abraham Lincoln

Scripture: Philippians 3:12-14; 4:8.
Psalm: 121.
Hymns: "O worship the King;" "Where cross the crowded ways of life;" "O God who workest hitherto."

All of us carry around some sort of a picture in our minds of the great men we have heard about. Whenever I think of Abraham Lincoln I always picture in my mind an immensely tall man, dressed in homely fashion, with the kindest smile and the most fatherly eyes you ever saw. Now if you will all shut your eyes for a minute and try to think what Abraham Lincoln looks like to you, I will try to tell you one or two of the many little stories told about him which help me when I try to picture what sort of a man he was.

Lincoln loved living things. You have probably all heard the story of Lincoln and the birds. How one day Lincoln and a party of friends were traveling through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees. It was a warm day, and the men stopped to water the horses. Soon they were ready to start off again, but Lincoln was not to be found.

"Where is Lincoln?" everyone asked. "I saw him a few minutes ago," answered one of the party. "He had found two little birds who had tumbled out of their nest, and he was looking around to find the nest so that he could put them back again."

Before long Lincoln returned, very happy. He had found the nest and put the birdlings safely back. His friends laughed, but Lincoln said: "If I had not put those birds back in the nest where their mother will feed them, I could not have slept all night." This story always helps me to picture Lincoln as I like to look at him, the friend of animals.

Lincoln loved people, just people, all kinds of people. I was reading the other day how one of his old friends back home visited him when he was President of the United States in Washington. The man's

name was Billy Brown, and he kept a drug store in Springfield, Illinois, where Lincoln used to trade when he was just a young lawyer. Billy Brown was shown into a long waiting-room at the White House, where there were so many people waiting to see the President that he was becoming nervous and scared. Then the President's secretary came in. Billy knew him slightly and asked where Lincoln was. "Have you an appointment with the President?" asked the secretary sharply.

"No, sir," said Billy, "it isn't necessary. Just tell him Billy Brown is here." In about two minutes the door opened and out came Mr. Lincoln, leaving all the important-looking politicians and office-seekers, and, as Billy described it, "just shook hands fit to kill." "Billy," he said, "come right in. You're going to stay to supper with me."

So when I close my eyes and try to think how Abraham Lincoln looked, the picture looks just a little different when I think of him laughing and joking and having a good time with this old friend of his who was just the keeper of the little drug store in a country town. Lincoln loved people.

There is another way in which I like to think of Lincoln. I like to see him standing on the rear platform of the train that was to take him away from all of his old friends and neighbors at Springfield to the difficult and dangerous task of being President of the United States in time of civil war. A heavy rain was pouring down, but all the people he had known since he was a boy were there to see him off. I can almost see him as he stands there bareheaded in the rain and says:

"I leave, not knowing when, or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested on Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Abraham Lincoln. We thank Thee for his life of heroic service, and his spirit of kindliness and love to all things and all people.

As Thou didst teach him, so teach us, we pray Thee, the things that are truly worth while. Forgive us that we so often fail to do the best we know, and give us strength and wisdom, and help us to love everybody. Go with us this day and all the days, and help us to live as Thy children. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE AFTER THE SERVICE OF WORSHIP

See p. 11 for general questions.

1. Who was Abraham Lincoln? Do you remember his picture? (Have one at hand.) He wasn't too important to be friendly even to a little bird, was he? Who will tell us that story? And he never forgot his old friends. Do you remember about Billy Brown? And he wasn't too proud to say he trusted in God. Would you like to hear again that little speech he made while he stood saying good-by to his friends? (Read it.)

2. Lincoln ought to suggest some rules for the second section of our city ordinances. Even his enemies felt he was just.

3. What has government to do with the building of the City of God? Give instances in which certain administrations have really forwarded the cause of justice. Do you recall instances which have violated justice? What is the citizen's responsibility for the acts of government? How should we right now be sharing in government? (There are local as well as state or national issues which need on one side or the other the support of all citizens, young as well as old.)

17

Sharing Our Birthdays

Scripture: Hebrews 11:1, 8-10, 24-38, 12:1-2.
Psalm: 46.
Hymns: "God is the refuge of His saints;" "Our God our help;" "O Lord, our God."

Each one of us has one day in the year that is especially our own—our birthday. When that happy day comes around each year we invite our friends—our parents and brothers and sisters and playmates—to come to our birthday party, that is, to share our birthday with us, the games and the presents and the good things to eat. And then when their birthdays come, we share their happiness too. The more friends we have the more fun everyone has. The larger our House of Friendship is and the juster our House of Justice, the bigger birthday party we can have in the City of God.

This month we all celebrate two birthdays. They don't belong to any single one of us, but to all of us. They are the birthdays of two great Americans, on the 12th that of Abraham Lincoln, and on the 22nd that of another great President, George Washington. And just as we celebrate our birthdays by sharing them with our friends, we celebrate the birthdays of our two great Presidents by going to school with other boys and girls, and listening to stories of the great deeds of Washington and Lincoln. We do all this because Washington and Lincoln did a great deal to make *all* American boys and girls proud and happy and free to-day.

But just as there are many boys and girls who never come to our birthday parties, because they don't know us and we don't know them; so there are many children in other lands who do not celebrate as we do the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. They have other great men whom we never heard of; and perhaps they never heard of Washington or Lincoln. In countries where there is a king,

the children celebrate the King's birthday, or the Queen's, or that of some great soldier or statesman. Indeed, there are so many countries in the world and so many different birthdays that it is said that if you and I had an aeroplane, and could travel fast enough, we could go to a different celebration somewhere in the world every single day in the year. That means that somewhere, in Asia or Europe or Africa, on every day in the year, children are having a holiday.

Now surely we would not think much, would we, of a boy or girl friend of ours who kept his birthday party all to himself, who didn't invite us or anyone else to share it with him; and I don't believe such a boy or girl would have a very happy birthday all alone. And the children of America are likely to be unhappy too, if they say to the children of China or England or Russia or Africa, "We are going to keep our big American birthday parties to ourselves. We won't let you share George Washington or Abraham Lincoln with us because they are ours and you are not our friends!"

So just the way we share our birthdays by being friends to other children, we can share our national birthdays by being friendly to the children of other lands, instead of keeping all our good things to ourselves.

But perhaps while I have been speaking, some of you have been thinking of one birthday that is already celebrated by children in almost every corner of the globe. It is more than an American national holiday; it isn't our property a bit more than it is the property of China or Russia or England or any other country you can think of, for people in all countries celebrate the 25th of December as the birthday of Jesus.

On the 12th and the 22nd of this month we think of what Washington and Lincoln did for our country, and for justice everywhere, and that makes us want to serve our own beloved land the way they served it, courageously, loyally, righteously.

On Jesus' birthday we remember that he wanted all men to be brothers, and that is why all men, and children too, can celebrate Christmas.

And if we carry the spirit of Christmas through into January and February and all through the year, trying to be brothers to all children

everywhere, all in the family of our Father, the time will not be far distant when all the children of the great world family can honor their heroes together, and, above all, Jesus, whose birthday and whose love they all share.

PRAYER

O God our Father, we are thankful when we think of the men whose hearts have burned with patriotism, and whose lives were utterly spent in making men free. Forbid that we should forget the past, O Father, or that we should fail to lift up our eyes to our country as she shall be in the future—a nation of just peace, a nation of right doing, a nation of brotherhood. May Thy love so triumph in our hearts that we shall serve our country as Washington and Lincoln served it, and that we shall serve the world as Jesus served it, which means that we shall serve the whole family of Thy children. This we ask in the name of Jesus, our Master. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

FOR USE IN CLASS OR HOME

See p. 11 for preliminary questions.

1. What is an American? How many Americans do you suppose there are whose fathers and mothers or whose grandfathers and grandmothers were born in some other country? Can all of us sing "My country, 'tis of thee," even if some of our parents were not born here? Is it fair to call an American a "foreigner"?

2. How many heroes can you name who belong to other countries or other races?

3. On what does our respect for a man depend? On his parents? On the home he came from? On his college? On his country? On his race? Is there anything national about a real hero, or does he belong to the world, like great inventions and great music? If great men belong to the world, how about the children of each generation? Is the new world order going to be built by any one nation? Can it be?

18

Washington's Birthday

PATRIOTISM

Scripture: I Corinthians 12: 12-21, 26-7.
Psalm: 95: 1-7a; 96: 10-13.
Hymns: "Rejoice, ye pure in heart;" "God of our fathers;" "Not alone for mighty empire;" "O beautiful for spacious skies;" "Thy kingdom come, O Lord."
Call to Worship:

"O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name;
Make known His deeds among the people;
Talk ye of His wondrous works,
Glory ye in His holy name."

Something like this, I imagine, has happened to each one of you. You have been disappointed in something your class has done. It may have been that they decided to spend their money in a way you did not approve. Or perhaps they agreed to do some special task during the week, home work maybe, or some duty at a social affair, some errand, some engagement, and you felt ashamed that they failed to do what they said they would. Or perhaps they took part in some bit of foolishness that interfered with what some other class was doing; and it made you feel badly to think that they could be so thoughtless.

What did you do about it? Did you go off in a huff and say: "I'll never come to school again!" Or did you say: "Well, next time, I guess I'll have to try ten times as hard to make things go right. If I'm going to be a member of this class I've got to do what I can to make it a good class."

Or it may be that the class has done something of which you are proud. They have spent their money wisely. Or some duty that they chose or which was assigned to them, they did well, or they were faithful to the school when things weren't going just right, and you were glad that you could feel that you had a part in these things.

So whatever your class does, whether it is something to be proud of or something to be ashamed of, you feel about it just the same as if you had done it yourself, for you are just as much a part of the class as your hand is a part of your body.

In the same way, our country, our United States of America, is a sort of great big class. Sometimes she does things that we think are wrong, and we are ashamed of her, and sometimes she does things that make us proud and glad to be Americans. But when she does the wrong things, we don't go off in a huff and say, "Go to, now, I won't be an American any more." Of course not. We say: "Well, if I'm going to be an American I must see to it that America does what's right."

So you see whatever America does, it is as though we were doing it ourselves, for we are just as much a part of America as our hand is a part of our body.

Now if our country is just like a big class, it must be the same with other countries. Let's pretend that each class is a different country. Here we have eighteen different classes, all the way from the kindergarten children who are only four or five, to the class where some of our fathers and mothers are.

Some big class, like the fifth grade, might be England, which is a big country, and some class that is very young, like the first grade, might be America, which is a young country, and some class that is old, like the third year high school, might be China, which is an old country. And the rest can be the other countries: Japan, India, Russia, and all the rest. Yet, different as we are from one another, here we are, all together in one room all doing the same thing. What is it that we are all doing together? Why we are worshiping and enjoying being together.

A little while ago the second grade * had a seat that was too small for them. They were very crowded and uncomfortable. They needed more room. But did any of you see any of the second grade go across the aisle and begin to fight the first grade and take away their seats from them? I didn't see anyone do that. What would have happened if they had? The service would have stopped, and we would all have been ashamed of having anything like that happen in our school. The

* Use this or a similar incident.

second grade did not do anything like that for they know we don't do things that way. They would not have been good members of their class if they had not done what was right for *the whole school.* And we were proud of them, not because we were members of grade four or six or eight, but because we were both members of the same school. Whatever one does, affects our school, the whole school, no matter what class you are in, and what the school does affects you. You are just as much a part of the school as your hand is a part of your body.

But a moment ago we said each class was a country. Then if all our classes are here together, we must be the whole world—and the chapel, this chapel, must be the temple of God whose roof is the sky, and whose aisles and pews are the hills and plains and valleys of the world; and in this temple all nations can worship God together.

But when two or three nations make trouble and start to fighting, the rest have to stop what they are doing and they are ashamed that anything like that should happen. On the other hand, when some one nation does a noble thing, the whole world rings with its praises—not because the people in the world are divided up into Chinese and English and American and all the rest, but because they are all members of mankind. We are just as much a part of mankind as our hand is a part of our body.

During the war we did not send clothing and flour to the children of Belgium because they were Belgians, but because they were brothers and sisters. Nor did they send us those beautiful notes of thanks embroidered on the bags in which their flour came because we were Americans, but because we were their *friends.* We would not have been good Americans if we had not done it. They would not have been good Belgians if they had not accepted our friendship. We cannot be good citizens of any country unless we are good citizens of the world. Nor can we love our country as good patriots should unless we love more something that is greater than our country, and that something is all mankind.

PRAYER

We seek, O God, the brotherhood of man; for we are citizens not of our country alone, but also of the world. We are pupils not in our

own school only, but also in the school of the whole world, and our schoolmates are the children of every nation of just our own age, who play together, and study together, and sing together, and work together, just as we do, and, many of them, suffer together. We would like to share with them their joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments, for they belong to us, and we belong to them. And by and by, they and we, who are now children together in the world, will become men and women together in the world. Then we shall decide between war and peace, between love and hate among nations.

Grant, O God, in those days to come, that the ties of friendship and love that now bind us together as children of the world may bind us also together as men and women. May the new laws that we shall make be just laws, the new nations we shall create be righteous nations, so that the new world that is to be our world and our children's world shall be also Thy Kingdom.

And this we ask in the name of Jesus, our Master, who through us who now are Thy children shall be the Savior of the world. Amen.

19

Faith in the Building of the House of Justice

Scripture: Phil. 3:8-14.
Psalm: 8.
Hymns: "Thy kingdom come, O Lord;" "God is my strong salvation;" "Rejoice, ye pure in heart."

One day some children were walking along a sandy beach near the river's edge when suddenly one of them said: "Oh! see that fine stone house down there on the sand!" All the children looked where he pointed, but not one of them could see a fine stone house. All there was in sight was a heap of stones of all sizes piled up together on the beach, just like any other pile of stones. So the children laughed at the boy who said he saw a fine stone house. But it wasn't very long before they found out that he was right and they were wrong.

"Come on!" he said to the rest of the children. "Let's get to work and *build* the fine stone house!" And then they saw that what he had seen was the *possibility* that out of that heap of stones they could build a fine house.

But one of the girls said: "No, we can't build a house out of those old rocks. We must have smooth, square rocks and mortar to hold them together." But the boy who suggested it was sure it could be done if they'd try. One of the other boys said, "Come on, let's not build a house at all. Even if we could build it the water would come in and spoil it." But the first boy stood firm, and showed the rest of the children how they could hold the stones together with mud; how the water would only come half-way up to the place where they were to build, and finally he got everyone so enthusiastic that they all went to work to make his dream come true.

It wasn't as easy as it sounded, though, and when they came to make the arches for the windows many of the children got discouraged. For the arches kept falling down as fast as they were built. But the

boy who had planned the house kept right on working, and everyone else did his little bit, carrying stones or scraping up mud; and at last there on the beach stood a fine little stone house, that the boy had seen on the beach in the first place when no one else had been able to.

Everywhere we go are similar things which some of us see and some of us do not see. In the great city of New York stands the majestic cathedral of Saint John the Divine. It has a strange appearance now because it is unfinished. Probably very few people have any idea just what it will look like when it is finished, but there are some people who know. And we know that many years ago a man must have stood looking intently at the spot of bare ground on Morningside Heights where the cathedral now stands, just as the boy stood on the beach, and that this man must have seen a magnificent cathedral standing there, where everyone else saw only rocks and grass and dirt. And then that man must have made other people see in their minds his beautiful cathedral, just as the boy made the other children see his stone house, until people became so enthusiastic over the architect's plan that they began to build it. But probably many people said: "Let's not build such a *big* building; it's too much work." Or even, "It can't be done!" But others saw what the architect saw, and to-day his dream is coming true in stone and mortar.

Now we too are busy building a house, the House of Justice. And we have begun work on it because many years ago there was a man who came into this world of ours and saw the possibility of building a House of Justice in the hearts of boys and girls and men and women everywhere. That man was Jesus. Even in the most unjust and unfair people he saw materials which he could use in building the great House of Justice which we are now helping to build each day. Just as in the case of the man who saw the great cathedral before it was actually started, there were other people who did not believe a House of Justice *could* be built, and so there are to-day. But in spite of them, we have begun the work, and we must not leave it partly done, the way the cathedral is to-day, for we want the House of Justice to be finished. To finish it every single one of us must do his or her part, for it is a huge task, far larger than building a house of stone. To know how to build it we must see what Jesus planned it to be. Until we do see, we

shall be building aimlessly, and the House of Justice will not stand. So we look to Jesus our Master, and pray that we may see his vision, and help complete the House of Justice in his Name.

PRAYER

O God our Father, how often we go about this world which Thou hast made for our happiness with our eyes closed to what it might be! We thank Thee for all the men and women in the past who have seen the beautiful, the good, the true, where we have been blind, and who have made us see them too. May we be quicker to perceive in all the corners of our daily life that which can be made beautiful and sweet and wholesome for others, and to do all that we can to make such dreams come true.

We thank Thee for Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who is ever showing us so many visions of the good. From him we have learned how to build a House of Friendship in our hearts for all Thy children, and now we are trying to see, as he saw, what this world might be if all of us were just, if our House of Justice were finished as he saw it should be one day. Give us, O Father, faith to complete it, and trust in the cooperation and help of others, until its shining towers rise in the brightness of Thy eternal city. This we ask in his name. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

FOR USE IN CLASS OR HOME

First use some of the general questions on p. 11. Then some of the following:

1. Did you ever imagine a house or something, the way the little boy did in the story ——— (the leader) told this morning, and then go to work to make it? It's fine to plan things and then to do them. It's a sort of game to plan as many things as possible that are worth doing and then see how many we can do. We have some plans to make to-day (take up some class enterprise that is pending). Let's plan this so well that it will be worth a place in our House of Justice.

2. They say that if we wish hard enough for anything, we will get it. Is that true? Is it partly true? Does it make any difference what we wish for? Which is more important for success, to wish hard or to wish right? Do you recall some things that Jesus said about wishing? (Matt. 5:21ff; 7:7-11.)

3. Can a man change his desires? Can a man get along without any desires, without wishing for anything? (Cf. Matt. 7:7-11.) In the long run, it's the people who hunt who find. Do you think there is a purpose in the world? If God is the great creative goodwill that runs through all history, how about getting our desires into harmony with this purpose? Would it make any difference to our prayers if we knew our purpose was God's purpose and our desire His?

20

Finding Happiness

Scripture: Matt. 6:24-34.
Psalm: 27.
Hymns: "Fight the good fight;" "Father, hear the prayer we offer;" "Soldiers of Christ, arise."

One day a little boy in a very big city came home from school feeling very sad and blue. Nothing had gone right that day. It didn't seem to make any difference what he did, everything went wrong. Now as he sat down on his doorstep he began to wonder how he could be perfectly happy. And this is what he thought:

"The only way for me to be perfectly happy is to keep out of trouble, to take no chances, not to do a single thing that might hurt me, trust nothing that has ever harmed me, for it might again; then I shall be perfectly happy."

Then he began to think over his troubles, to feel of all the bumps and bruises he had suffered. Just as he was rubbing his sore leg, a boy friend of Ronald's came by on a pushmobile. "Come on," he cried, "get yours and we'll have a race." But Ronald remembered how a screw on his pushmobile which he had forgotten to fix had worked loose and thrown him off the day before, so he decided he couldn't trust it any longer. "No, thanks, not to-day," he told the boy, and stayed sitting on his doorstep.

A few minutes later a baseball came rolling by Ronald's feet; and the boy who was chasing it saw Ronald, and said: "Come on over to the playground. We play the Mohawks to-day and we want *you* to play." But Ronald remembered that the last time they had played the Mohawks one of the bigger fellows on that team had slid into him, so he decided that if he was to be perfectly happy he couldn't take such chances again. So he said: "No," and stayed on the doorstep.

Now things were pretty dull on the doorstep, especially when he

saw some boys and girls roller-skating down near the corner, where he usually skated. But he thought of the day his skate slipped and he fell and bruised his leg, so there couldn't be any roller-skating for him if he was to be perfectly happy.

"Come on, Ronald, let's go swimming," a friend of his called from across the street. But the last time Ronald had been in the swimming pool that very boy had ducked him when he wasn't looking, so he concluded that he couldn't trust him, and stayed sitting on the doorstep.

By this time Ronald was thinking hard, trying to find something he could do and still not run the risk of being unhappy, without taking chances of being hurt or lame or even tired.

As quick as he would think of something to do to amuse himself he would remember something unpleasant connected with it that he didn't want to have repeated. Even the weather seemed to be against him, for the sky was getting cloudy and it looked as though he couldn't even sit on the doorstep much longer. He didn't dare go out walking in the park, for fear he might meet someone who would tease him. He didn't even want to go into the house to Mother, for he remembered that he had refused angrily to do something for her that morning, and he was sure that he would not be happy if she should remind him of it.

So Ronald sat there on the doorstep for quite a long time. After a while he began to wonder whether he had found the right way to be perfectly happy or not. Certainly he couldn't be perfectly happy sitting on the doorstep all the time. You see Ronald had lost something; and I wonder if you know what it was? Why, it was his faith. He hadn't any faith in his pushmobile, he was afraid it would break down again; he hadn't any faith in his playmates, for he was afraid they would play unfairly; he hadn't any faith in his roller-skates; nor the weather; nor even in his mother whom he dearly loved. You see he had lost his faith in the world, and his brothers and sisters, and so he had really lost his faith in God, our Father, who made them for him to enjoy and to help. He had lost his faith in himself; he was afraid to try to enjoy himself, so he sat and moped on the doorstep and found that he was more unhappy than ever.

Suddenly Ronald jumped up and ran off over to the playground, just in time to get into the baseball game. He wasn't afraid any longer;

when a hard ball came he didn't dodge and let it go, he stood up and caught it, although it did sting. And when he came home to his mother that night, the mother whose forgiveness he asked, and whom he now trusted, he was hot and dusty and tired and bruised, but perfectly happy. He had played the game, taken the hard knocks, found his faith, and his perfect happiness.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO HELP MAKE THE MOST OF THE SERVICE

Use first one or two general questions from p. 11. Then continue with such questions as the following:

1. Do you remember any of the first hymn we sang ("Fight the good fight")? Are you likely to get hurt if you fight the good fight? If folks all stopped fighting the good fight because they might get hurt, what would happen? What did Ronald find out about getting hurt? What did Jesus say about it in the scripture lesson? (Matt. 6:34a.)

2. Is it easy to be a Christian? Why should we try to be? Is it worth while? The writers of the hymns we sang this morning seemed to think it was worth while. Ronald found that one couldn't ever be happy without taking risks. In fact, he found out that a boy could be hurt and be happy too. Does this suggest another rule for our city ordinances?

3. Is there any relation between justice and happiness? How did Jesus describe the conditions of happiness? (The Beatitudes.)

21

The Boy Who Found Out *

Scripture: Genesis 1:20-28.
Psalm: 8.
Hymns: "We thank Thee, O our Father;" "There's a wideness in God's mercy;" "We've a story to tell to the nations."

There was once a Boy who had a great many pets. He lived in a large house, and whenever he wanted an animal to play with, his parents would buy it for him. He had Don, a Shetland pony; Rover, a big, shaggy collie; Bump and Jump, two snow-white rabbits; Rastus, a coal-black cat, and little Tweet, a canary bird. This boy also had a House of Justice, but it was not a very large one. Of course there were in it his parents and teachers and school friends, but he had never thought of including his many pets. For you see the Boy had the idea that animals were just for him to play with, like tops; and I am sorry to say that he was not always kind to them.

He was very fond of riding Don, the pony, and he loved to romp with Rover. He thought it was endless fun to see his rabbits eat and to poke their funny noses. Then old Rastus purred so delightfully when you stroked him the right way, and Tweet, the canary bird, would sing all day long the sweetest of bird melodies.

Although the Boy enjoyed his pets so much, he would order them about, making them always do just what he pleased, and never considering their comfort at all. He treated them just as if they were stuffed animals and not real, live, affectionate pets.

He liked to go to the barn where most of his pets lived and imagine that he was King of the Animals. Couldn't he boss them all? If he whipped the pony, it would run and run until it was all tired out. If he made believe throw sticks for Rover, the dog would chase and chase just as if the sticks were real. And the bunnies never complained, no

* Reprinted from *Everyland,* August, 1919.

matter how roughly they were handled and chased and scared. And Rastus, good old cat, what a lot he did stand for! Tail pulling, chasing, sticks and stones, even though all in play, were not very pleasant to a self-respecting old tabby! Tweet, the canary, fluttered and jumped when the Boy swung the cage around, but he sang just the same.

Now it was not surprising that one afternoon the Boy's pets gathered together in the barn to talk things over. Even Tweet, the canary bird, had found a loose bar in her cage and had flown out just in time to attend the meeting. On all sides it was the same story. No doubt the Boy was a good boy at heart, but his House of Justice was closed against the animals who did so much to make his life happy. What were they to do to gain admittance?

First up spoke old Don, the pony: "I think," said he, "that we all ought to stop doing things for the Boy. Rover, you forget how to play and to chase imaginary sticks the next time he wants you to; and Bump and Jump, pretend you are sick and do not let him pet you; Rastus, you hide when the boy comes to torment you; and you, Tweet, just forget how to sing for a while. As for myself, I shall go where I please instead of minding the reins or the cruel whip. In that way we shall show the Boy how much our lives and happiness mean to his own pleasure, and he will have to win back our friendship."

"No," said Rover, "that is not what we are after, Don. We do not want to buy the Boy's friendship with what we do for him. He does not seem to appreciate that while we love to give him pleasure, we have some rights of our own. Of course we intend that he shall take us into his House of Justice, but we would rather not force our way in by making him unhappy."

After they had talked the matter over carefully, the animals took a vote and decided that they ought to have a conference with the Boy, and tell him the way they felt.

Now it happened that all the time they were talking, the Boy lay up in the hay-loft, where he had gone to read a book. He had listened closely while they were talking about him and had swallowed hard at times. Just as they had finished, he slid right down among them and cried: "You don't need to have a conference. I heard every word you

said. You were right, Rover. I didn't really understand. But I do now, and you won't have to stop playing with me at all."

And then he hugged every one of those pets of his in turn, for they had won their way into his House of Justice, to stay there always.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO HELP MAKE THE MOST OF THE SERVICE

It is well to precede the following questions with some of a general character, as on p. 11.

1. Did you ever hear of the S.P.C.A.? What is it for? Do animals need to be protected? Why? Then animals belong in our House of Justice, don't they? Do you know of any animals that aren't getting a square deal? What could we do about it?

2. Well, I guess we still need another ordinance in Section II. What shall it be? Are these ordinances of Justice in such shape that we could read them to the whole school next Sunday? What scripture could we read with them?

3. The older members might well be responsible for the following Sunday's service, using the material provided by the next younger group as suggested just above, and preparing to lead the service.

Concluding the House of Justice

As suggested after the last service, there might well be a concluding service, prepared by the pupils themselves, using material they have selected or originated and serving as a summary of the whole period.

PART III

THE HOUSE OF PEACE*

JUST BEFORE EASTER TO VACATION

Call to Worship: "Grace be unto you and peace, from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ."

ORDERS OF SERVICE

FROM WHICH ONE OR MORE MAY BE SELECTED FOR THIS PERIOD

Without Choir

1

1. Call to Worship
2. Psalm
3. The Lord's Prayer
4. Scripture Lesson
5. Story or Talk
6. Prayer
7. Hymn
   The Amen followed by a few soft chords, indicating
8. Silence
9. A Unison Prayer
10. Hymn

2

1. Instrumental Prelude
2. Call to Worship
3. A Doxology or one stanza of a hymn of praise
4. The Lord's Prayer
5. Psalm
6. Hymn
7. Story or Talk
8. Prayer
9. Response by the School
10. Offertory Sentence
11. Offering Received
12. Offertory Prayer
13. Hymn

With Choir

3

1. Call to Worship
2. Hymn
3. Greeting
4. The Lord's Prayer
5. Scripture Lesson
6. Story or Talk (Prayer)
7. Hymn
8. Choir Sentence
9. Silence
10. Unison Prayer, Choir Amen
11. Hymn
12. Benediction, Choir Amen
13. Instrumental Postlude

4

1. Processional Hymn
2. Psalm
3. Unison Prayer, Choir Amen
4. Story or Talk
5. Choir Sentence
6. Silence
7. Leader's Prayer
8. Hymn
9. The Lord's Prayer
10. Benediction
11. Recessional Hymn

*Corresponding to a portion of the period of Faith, and the period of Loyalty, as described in the *Manual for Training in Worship.*

22

The House of Peace

Scripture: Isaiah 9:2, 4-7; 51:9, 11-13, 15, 16; 52:1, 7, 10.
Psalm: 46.
Hymns: "City of God;" "Our fathers built this city;" "We've a story to tell to the nations."

We have been building and making things ever since we can remember: houses, dolls' clothing, boxes, collections, bandages, sweaters, electrical devices. The older we get, the more difficult are the things we build, and we all look forward to the time when we shall be engineers, building bridges and skyscrapers; or doctors, building healthy bodies; or statesmen, building governments and laws. All our lives we shall be building and making all sorts of different things.

There is one thing, however, that we shall all build together. It is bigger than all these other things. It includes them all. We shall all be helping to build—*the world.*

During the war and just after it we stopped building the world. Indeed, a good deal of what had been already built was destroyed. Some of the parts that were destroyed had been wrongly built, and now we are all trying to make these parts right. They may be very different from what they were before.

But it would be foolish to go on building without knowing what we were trying to make, wouldn't it? Ever since you can remember, when you started out to build with your blocks or your tools, you have known what you were going to make. So we must try to understand what sort of a world we *want* to build, and how it can be put together so that people will not be in want nor have to go to war, but can live peaceably together, working for the good of all.

This is what we are here in school for—to try to find out what sort of a world we want to build. Every class will be thinking about it from the youngest to the oldest. It is the most important thing we have to discuss. It is what all the world is talking and thinking about. And

we are to be the builders, working under the direction of God, the master builder, for it is His world we are helping to build. "We seek a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." And we call the world we are building "The City of God."

It will take a long time to finish it. We can hope to do only a little. Last fall we started the House of Friendship in the City of God: Christians are friends. Then we started the House of Justice: Christians are fair. Now we must begin the House of Peace, so that men and nations may be able to work happily together for the common good.

Let us ask God to give us strength and wisdom for our work, and we know He will; and He will hold us responsible for what we build.

PRAYER

We are very glad, our Father, to be here, all together again. It means so much to us to feel that our friends are thinking of Thee right now, while each one of us is thinking of Thee. Thou art so wonderful, O God, so far beyond all that we can imagine of goodness and of wisdom, and yet so very near to us that even in our inmost thoughts we can speak with Thee.

We thank Thee for the new friends that come to us week by week. Help us to make them all feel at home with us. And may we all, now at the beginning of this new week, resolve to do our best to learn what Thou dost desire of us, and to obey Thy will.

For all Thy children who have passed through the gates of death this week, we ask the opportunity of larger and happier service. For all who have parted with those they love, we ask the consolation of continued fellowship with them and with Thee. For all who are sick or suffering we ask strength and patience and hope. And may peace come to the whole world, that the nations may be healed.

And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN GUIDING DISCUSSION OF THE WORSHIP

See note on p. 20 and also general questions on p. 11.

1. We are starting to build another house to-day in the City of God. What did ——— (the leader) call it? Did it ever occur to you before that you were

helping to build the world? What part of the world are you helping to build?

2. Do you think we could build a House of Peace without first learning to build a House of Friendship and a House of Justice? What are the conditions of peace? If we can succeed in getting these defined we will have Section III of the Ordinances of the City of God.

3. Do you think the House of Peace belongs in the City of God? Cf. Rom. 12: 18-21. Why do men fight? In what ways do they fight besides by war? What are the effects upon the common good? Who suffers?

23

Trust in God

Scripture: Matthew 5:43, 44, 9, 11, 12. John 14:1, 27.
Psalm: 27.
Hymns: "We march, we march to victory;" "Not alone for mighty empire;" "God is my strong salvation."

If we could put into seven words what Jesus said in the passages just read, they would read something like this: Do what's right and take the consequences. But along with this we should have to put three more words if we are to understand how he could say this and really mean it, and these words are: Trust in God.

If we are going to trust God at all we must trust him where He is and in what He is doing. Where is God? He is in our hearts—we all know that—and if in our hearts, then in the hearts of others, the hearts of our neighbors on the street where we live, of our friends whom we see every day in school, of folks whom we don't like a bit and who we think are trying to take advantage of us. But if we can't trust our friends and neighbors and enemies, how can we trust God?

"That's all very well," some of you may say, "but how can we trust someone who is mean and underhanded and brutal? Jesus might say in answer to this question: You trust him not *because of,* but *in spite of* his meanness—because of what he might do *if you should trust him.* When Peter asked Jesus, "How many times shall I forgive my brother; seven?" Jesus replied, "Nay, seventy times seven": keep on forgiving him forever, believing that ultimately the best in you will call out the best in him. That's what the old bishop did to Jean val Jean, you remember. He just kept on believing in him, no matter what he did, till Jean val Jean just could not help becoming what the priest believed he could become.

That's the way God works. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." "Be sons

of the Most High; for he is kind toward the unthankful and evil." If we can't trust the way God works, how can we trust Him?

I have in my hand a piece of money. Near the edge of it I read these words: "In God we trust." Ours is not the only country that says this. Most nations put their trust in God. Can they all be right? Can they all equally deserve God's help? How can they *all* trust God? On the meaning of these few words hangs the destiny of the world. If they mean: We trust in God, we nations, to win us our victories—then we have before us nothing but war and destruction forever. If they mean: We put our trust in our fellow men and fellow nations, believing that the best in us will call out the best in them; that we put our trust not in our own might but in the spirit of God in the hearts of *all* men—then there lies before the world the hope of everlasting peace.

PRAYER *

O Thou who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, we thank Thee for the power of faith by which Thou art transforming the world. Forgive us our mistrust. Forgive us if we have prevented anyone from being all he should be because we failed to trust him enough. Thou dost trust us in spite of our failures; and we know that we could not be half what we are if it were not that our fathers and mothers and friends believe in us and expect us to do our best.

Help us to have faith in every one of Thy children, just as we want them to have faith in us. And so, by the power of the faith that Jesus had in his disciples, by the power of the faith that Thou dost have in Thy wayward and quarreling children, by the power of the faith we have in one another, may the days of peace and goodwill be established in the earth.

We ask it in the name of him who trusted even those who slew him. Amen.

*From the *Manual for Training in Worship*, p. 101. Copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

LEADING TO THE USE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE SERVICE

Use first general questions as on p. 11.

1. Are you ever afraid? What did Jesus say about being afraid? And the Psalm we used together? Would you like to say the Twenty-seventh Psalm again? Let's pick out just one or two lines—the best ones—to use when we are afraid. When we are not afraid then we have peace in our hearts, haven't we?

2. You have read stories of the Indian wars when the early settlers were in constant fear of their lives and the lives of their families. They seem a long way off and unreal now. But there are still thousands of people whose hearts are never free from the grip of fear. Do you know of such people? (The Armenians. The Koreans. Those below the poverty line who fear for their children. Many sick and dying. Superstitious people.) Will the Building of a House of Peace have any effect on fear in the world?

3. Can you describe the state of mind of primitive man? How does it compare with the attitude of a Christian toward the world? Has fear anything to do with war? Compare what happens when men carry weapons, in contrast with the Canadian-American border. How about big navies? Can we have fear in a House of Peace?

24

Easter

Scripture: Luke 13:22-24; Matt. 7:13-14; John 11:25, 26; 14:1-6a.
Psalm: 65.
Hymns: "Christ the Lord is risen to-day;" "The snow has vanished from the hills" (or some equivalent spring song); "Rejoice, ye pure in heart;" "Ten thousand times ten thousand."

Easter is the Festival of the Joy of Life. Jesus came that men might have life and have it more abundantly.

It is always beautiful when Easter is late, for then the spring helps to celebrate it. The grass is covering the earth with its green carpet. The leaves are turning the gray trees yellow. The crocuses and hyacinths are sprinkling their bright spots of color over lawns and gardens.

> "For lo, the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone,
> The flowers appear on the earth,
> The time of the singing of birds is come."

Outside my window every morning a robin sings. He comes early and he wakes me up. But what a wonderful song it is, after the silent winter! He seems so full of joy that he can't keep quiet, but must sing his little song over and over again at the top of his voice. We feel that way, too, and so we sing our spring song, praising God for the gift of life. Easter is the Festival of the Joy of Life.

Jesus felt this joy of life. His magnificent vitality and the radiant power of his personality spread health and goodwill around him wherever he went. When he touched men, he healed them. When he looked at men, they left all and followed him. When he spoke, his were words of eternal life and changed the whole course and tenor of men's lives. He possessed life, he mastered it; his grip on life made men free, for he broke through the bonds that held captive their imagi-

nations and cried: "The Kingdom of Heaven is besieged and men take it by storm." And so he conquered death and banished forever the fear of death from the hearts of men. Easter, the Festival of the Joy of Life, is also the Festival of Death, and we to-day celebrate death not as a sad ending, but as a glorious beginning of life.

There is another room in the house of God. Now and then the door swings open and someone whom we love slips through. We think of their going as we do of taking a long journey to some far country to which we long to go. It used to be the magic carpet of our imaginations that transported us to the wonderful cities of our dreams. But now it is the real places we want to see and we all look forward to visiting the far distant lands of the earth to see the people and to talk with them, to learn how they live and to look at all the things that they have made. So we think of the door, which we call death, that opens into the other room of the house of God.

But there is one thing more that we must remember if we would enter. The gate is big and the way is broad that leads to destruction, but small is the gate and narrow the way that leads to life, and few are they who find it.

Jesus' disciples once asked him to show them this gate and this way that leads to life, and he replied: "I am the way, the truth and the life. He that believeth in me, though he die yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

PRAYER

O Lord God, who art the source of all that is good and true, we thank Thee for life and joy and hope. Thou hast shared with us Thy life and we know the joy of it, the pain of it, the glory of it. We know that the life Thou hast given us will not end, but that through the gates of death we may all pass if we will into the City of God.

We remember to-day the unnumbered host of youth, who, having fought the good fight and finished their course, have passed through the door into the other room during the terrible years of war. We remember the fatherless and the motherless children who have died while the men fought. We remember the aged, grown old in toil and suffering,

who have lost all they ever had or loved and for whom life is a burden too great to be borne.

May those who go before us find the fulfilment of their desires in the freedom and joy of unlimited life, and may all of us who remain behind run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith.

Shame upon us, O God, that there should be any of Thy children to whom has never been brought the gospel of the love of God, and that there should be any whose hearts have never been touched by the desire to serve. Grant, our Father, that whether in this life or the life to come, we may never count our work as finished until the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea.

And this we ask in the name of Jesus, Master of Life. Amen.

25

Spirits of Spring *

Scripture: (Preceded by a word of explanation) Job 38: 1-7, 12, 16, 22, 25-27, 39-41; 39: 19-25; 42: 1, 2, 5, 6.
Psalm: 65.
Hymns: "We thank Thee, O our Father;" "All things bright and beautiful;" "The snow has vanished from the hills;" "Rejoice, ye pure in heart."

Our story to-day is about six little children, who were called the Spirits of Spring. There was one child named Hope, and another named Fear; one named Help, and another named Fret; one named Hop-skip, and the last named Feel-bad. They were all spirit children, —so they were like you and me in some respects and quite different in others.

In the summer the six little spirit children played all day long in the fields and slept each night in the dew-drops. Hope and Help and Hop-skip were as lively as could be, with bright eyes and quick fingers and nimble feet; while Fear and Fret and Feel-bad had pale faces and puckered mouths and weepy eyes. Hope and Help and Hop-skip were always dressed in red jackets and red caps and shoes with red tops; while Fear and Fret and Feel-bad were dressed in gray jackets and caps and shoes.

Now when it came to be November, and the nights grew cold, the six little spirit children began to look around for a place to sleep where it would be warm and cozy. One night near bed-time they were playing in the garden, where they had seen the gardener come out and plant some tulip bulbs in the warm earth that afternoon. Their teeth were chattering, but Hope said: "Let's go to sleep in the tulip bulbs." And sure enough, there were just six bulbs in the row, one apiece, so in they jumped and curled up for a long sleep.

* Adapted from *The Golden Goblet and Other Stories,* by Jay T. Stocking. Copyright, 1914, by the Pilgrim Press.

They were very tired indeed, so they slept a long time. When they woke they found that the ground above them had frozen solid, and that there was a blanket of snow on top of that. Not a very pleasant prospect for the six little spirit children!

Fear and Fret and Feel-bad were terribly alarmed, Fear feared and Fret fretted and Feel-bad felt very badly indeed. For it was dark down in the earth and above it was wintry and cold; and Fear said he was afraid that the Heavenly Father had forgotten them entirely, and Fret said he was sure they would never get out again, and Feel-bad said the only thing to do was to give up and die. But Hope hoped, and Help helped, and Hop-skip hop-skipped around as lively as a cricket. Hope said: "Who's afraid? Our Heavenly Father is caring for us and we'll come out all right." And Help said: "Let's get busy and pass the time away till we can get out." And Hop-skip began to dance merrily as if they had no troubles at all. But Fear and Fret and Feel-bad worried and wailed and wept, until finally they made themselves so sick and miserable that they all had to go to bed. And even then they kept on wailing about their troubles and moaning that nobody cared for them, not even their Heavenly Father.

But the little red-coated spirit children ran and jumped and played and worked. And would you believe it? Each time they jumped around in their tulip bulbs, when they struck the ceiling, or the top of the bulb, they would push it up just a little, so very little that they did not notice it themselves. But in a few weeks they had pushed the tops of the bulbs almost up to the surface of the ground.

Finally one day they saw a tiny crack, through which came a little stream of light, for it had been very dark inside the bulbs until then, and what do you suppose they saw? Why, they saw that the dark room they had played in so long was really the great big red chamber of a tulip blossom. And in a few more days the beautiful red chamber opened still further and let them out again into the warm spring sunshine, where they romped to their hearts' content.

That day the gardener came around in the garden and said: "Well, I see the red tulips are up early this year. But for the life of me I cannot find the gray ones." Finally he found the place where he had planted the gray bulbs in the fall, and exclaimed: "I wonder what the

matter can be?" Then he took a spade and dug down into the moist earth. There were the gray bulbs just where he had planted them; they had not grown nor moved a particle. "Humph!" he said, "just as I thought, they hadn't life enough to come up! Well, I never thought much of gray tulips, anyhow; next year we'll plant all red ones."

Now of course when the gardener put his spade into the ground and turned up the three gray tulip bulbs, Fear and Fret and Feel-bad tumbled out of their beds, very much ashamed that they hadn't come up the way Hope and Help and Hop-skip had. And when they heard what the gardener said, they hurried away in disgrace as quickly as they could.

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee to-day for the spring-time of nature, with its budding trees and growing flowers, and for our spring-time of life, with its boundless possibilities for helpfulness and happiness. We thank Thee that for each of us Thou hast something to do, perhaps something which seems to us very hard and discouraging. May we not fear and fret, but hope and help, trusting in Thy great love for each one of us, even though we are unworthy of it. So may we help in making this world as Thou wouldst have it, a garden of gladness for every one of Thy children. This we ask in the name of him who trusted in Thee from the darkest hour of death to the spring-time of a new and triumphant life. Amen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

LEADING TO THE USE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE WORSHIP

If needed, general questions will be found on p. 11.

1. Associate the worship with an informal conversation about the coming of spring, especially if some warm, quiet day has suggested relaxation of body and mind—the feeling of rest and peace. It is by suggestion rather than discussion that one wins appreciation of the essential goodness of a world so filled with beauty.

2. It is worth while to cultivate enjoyment of such nature passages as the one read from Job and the Sixty-fifth Psalm, and to associate them with others the children may suggest from the Bible or elsewhere. Take time to gain the wholesome attitudes toward nature and people that the spring helps us to establish. Plan an outdoor trip or hike if it is needed. Help the children see the peaceful, steady, quiet, skilful workmanship of nature.

26

The Two Foundations

Scripture: Matthew 7:24-27.
Psalm: 24:1-5.
Hymns: "Come, my soul, thou must be waking;" "It came upon the midnight clear;" "Jesus calls us."

If our House of Peace is to stand when the storm-clouds of war gather, it must be founded upon a rock. Otherwise it will come clattering down upon our heads and all our work will have been in vain. What sort of a foundation rock shall we choose for our House of Peace?

The best way to answer that question is to look for a moment at the houses of peace which people have tried to build in the past. For every war that has taken place, and there have been a lot of them, there has been an attempt at the end of the war to build a house of peace. No matter how much people dislike each other when they are fighting, they try to forget, when the war is over, and begin over again.

Some of these houses of peace have lasted for centuries, like the house that was built upon the rock. The rains of misunderstanding have descended, and the floods of excitement have come, and beat upon the house of peace, and it has fallen not; for it was founded upon the rock of justice and friendship.

But others of the houses of peace have fallen in the storms of passion and greed, and great has been the fall thereof. For these houses have been built on the sands of jealousy and suspicion. They have crashed down upon the heads of those who built them, and crushed out the lives of many innocent people also.

As an example of the lasting house of peace, founded upon a rock, we have the one which has been built in the course of many years of friendship by Canada and the United States. We are next-door neighbors, with a border line thousands of miles long, and not a single gun nor fort anywhere on either side. We long since decided to be just to

each other, and more than that, to be friends. And if anyone should in the future try to raise a storm about our house of peace with Canada, we may be sure that it would stand, for it is founded upon a rock.

In the last few years we have seen the collapse of another kind of a house of peace, one which stood barely forty years. It was the house of peace built by the conquering Germans to suit themselves, after they had beaten the French in an unjust war. They simply did as they pleased, and left the French penniless and hungry outside. To the Germans it looked like a very fine house but it was built on the quicksand of distrust and hate, and in 1914, down it came, dragging other houses with it.

As Americans we want the great world house of peace to be firmly emplanted on the rock of right, so that it will stand forever, and there shall be no more wars. It will never stand if some of us keep on building our houses of peace on the sand, like some boys who drove all the other boys off a certain ballfield.

These boys had a team, and wanted very much to practice on the only ballfield there was in the neighborhood. But naturally the other boys wanted to play, too, so they would fight and annoy each other with the result that neither side could play. Finally the team decided to build a fence around the lot so that they might keep the other boys out and play in peace. They built the fence, and by keeping some of the players on guard the rest could practice without annoyance. But it wasn't much fun, playing all by themselves, and being jeered at by all the rest of the boys in town.

So one day one of the boys said: "This is no way to have peace. Let's get the other crowd to organize a team and then we can all play, and get more practice than we can alone, anyhow." It was a good thing that he spoke, for that very night the other boys were going to tear down every board in the fence, and the house of peace that was built on the sand would have collapsed in a heap.

So the next day the other boys came in with their team, and instead of a fight they all had a rattling good game of baseball. And after the game they decided they didn't need the fence any more, so they tore it down together, and all the rest of the year all the boys of the neighbor-

hood played together, and had twice as much fun, for their house of peace was founded upon a rock.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

FOR FURTHERING THE EFFECTS OF THE WORSHIP

See p. 11 for general questions if needed.

1. Do you suppose we could tell our fathers and mothers and friends about the House of Friendship and the House of Justice and the House of Peace (or just the House of Friendship), if they should all come to school later in the spring? Could we tell them what we have been doing to help build it? Let's think about it.

2. We haven't thought about our ordinances lately. Have we all the rules we need to keep the peace? Supposing we wanted to explain the City of God to someone who had never heard of Christianity, have we enough rules to show what it really means?

3. Do you suppose we could take some instances from our own experience of trying to keep the peace and make them into a story for the service? It would help the others in the school, especially the younger ones, if they could have some vivid examples of how it is done.

27

Work

Scripture: Jeremiah 1:4, 5b, 6-10.
Psalm: 51:1-3, 6-12, 15.
Hymns: "Lead on, O King eternal;" "Faith of our fathers;" "O God, who workest hitherto."

Note.—It is the interest of this story to give courage and ambition for the last few weeks of the school year, which sometimes tend to drag, because all are tired or eager for the holidays.

Jeremiah did not think he could do what God wanted him to do, but he was willing to try. So he stepped into place and did his work.

Some of our older brothers felt just the same way when the call came for help during the great war. You remember how they went. They were not sure they could learn how to fly or to command companies of men, but they were willing to try, so they stepped into place and did their work.

It was the same everywhere—hundreds of thousands of young men went to do their work. But they left behind an immense amount of work for others to do. And do you remember how all helped? The children raised millions of dollars for liberty bonds. You helped. They bought hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of war savings stamps. You helped. They gathered tons and tons of clothes for the Red Cross. You helped. All this work had to be done, and we stepped into place and did it. And strange to say, we *liked* to do it. We made a great discovery. We discovered the joy of hard work.

But all need for work did not stop with the war. Work just keeps right on piling up. Think of all we have to do before the end of the year—mountains of work, and no one to do it but just ourselves. But we are going to step into place and do it. (Name the items.)

If we come on time, we shall help.

If we sing instead of lazily letting others sing for us, we shall help.

If we do our work at home, if we usher and take care of the books

or sing in the choir; if we teach as well as we can or play the piano or organ to the best of our ability, or even if we just behave as we should —if we do what we know we ought to do, we shall help. And so each of us will look himself in the eye and say: "Look here, young sir, just step into place and do your work."

PRAYER

Our Father in Heaven, we are ashamed that we have so often forgotten to do our work. We are ashamed that we have not always done our best to help. We are sorry for not having taken pains to be good, when we might have, if we had only thought about it. Help us to be more thoughtful, our Father. Thou knowest that we are only children. But we do not want to be only children. We want to be able to do things right and to get things done and to help our school do all it should for everybody.

Thou dost help us, our Father. We thank Thee for the help Thou dost give us whenever we try to be helpful and thoughtful. Sometimes we don't want to do what we ought to do, and Thou dost help us to want to do just the very best we can.

Wilt Thou help those for whom we can do nothing, and somehow make things come right so that *all* the children and the men and women can be happy in the House of Peace, for that is what we most desire.

And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO FURTHER THE EFFECTS OF THE SERVICE

For general questions, see p. 11.

1. What can we do to make things go well these last few weeks of school? How can we help the school to do its work? Shall we step into place and do our work? Let's make a list of things to be done.

2. Where does our work need sprucing up? Are we letting anything go that needs to be done? Are we going to have everything finished when vacation comes? Let's see what we still have to do.

3. Let's list the conditions of peace that we have been thinking of so far in the worship, and see what else is needed. First, there was absence of fear or trust in God; second, there was confidence in the future and discipleship of the Master; third, there was the love of God's out-of-doors; and last Sunday and to-day there was the spirit of cooperation.

28

The Boy Who Forgot

Scripture: Isaiah 52:7; 55:1-3, 6-12.
Psalm: 100.
Hymns: "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;" "Fling out the banner, let it float;" "We've a story to tell to the nations."

Besides the House of Peace that we are building together, it is possible for every one of us to have a house of peace of his own. Of course, when we want to do something that is forbidden, or when we disobey our parents or teachers, or when we waste our money foolishly, we have war inside ourselves, and we are not happy. But when we do our duty, or do some nice "extra" thing for somebody, without being asked, then we have a house of peace in our hearts, and we sing all day long. This story is about a little boy who wanted a house of peace but who could not see how to make one.

This little boy lived in the great city of London. His parents were very poor, so poor that little Jack (for that was the boy's name) wanted to earn his own living to help them. He was very ambitious, and thought that by shining shoes he could earn enough money to pay for his food and clothing. But he had no money to begin with, to buy blacking and brushes.

He heard somehow that outside the city there lived a very rich old gentleman, so he hurried off as fast as he could to find him. After a great deal of trouble, he persuaded the pompous servant, who answered the bell, to let him in. And when the rich old man saw the boy, he was attracted by Jack's bright, sunny face, and allowed him to tell his story.

So Jack told the rich gentleman how he wanted to start in business to help his parents, but that he had no money.

"I want you to be my partner," he said. "You lend me a dollar to

buy brushes and blacking. I'll go out and work hard, and then next Monday I shall bring back your dollar and give you half of what I earn."

The old man was pleased with Jack's honest, straightforward story. Jack got the dollar and off he went. He began business at once. Many men, attracted by his cheerful, "Shine, sir?" stopped for a polish. By Saturday he had earned four dollars, which he hugged tightly in his trousers pocket.

"On Monday," he said to himself, "I shall go back and pay my partner his dollar and his share of the profits." He was so happy he did not know what to do.

Monday came. Jack set out for the rich gentleman's home, but his bright smile had gone.

Almost before he knew it the old man was asking kindly: "How's business, little partner?"

"Oh, sir," said Jack, "it's all up."

"All up?" said the man. "What do you mean by that? Didn't you have success with your business?"

"Yes," he said, "I made a lot of money, but——" then his voice was choked with a sob. "Oh, sir, you see, 'twas like this, sir. I go to a Sunday school every Sunday. Yesterday a man came and told us about some poor little children in foreign lands who do not even have schools or churches like ours. Then he told how he was trying to help them. And I was so sorry for those children that I forgot all about you, sir, and when the box was passed for the offering I chucked in all the money I had. Straight, sir, I never thought about you. I was so sorry for those children."

When he had finished, the old gentleman put his arm around Jack and told him how glad he was that he had helped those children who didn't have any churches or schools. "And never mind about the dollar this time," he said. "I'll give that to the children myself."

Then there came a great peace into the boy's heart, and he forgot his fear and stopped crying. And more than that, the rich old man offered to send Jack to school, so that he might fit himself to go to a foreign land and to teach the children like those of whom he had heard, and for whom he had given more than he had.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN SECURING RESULTS FROM THE SERVICE

See p. 11 for introductory material and suggestions on memory work.

1. What sort of a "story" have we "to tell to the nations"? How would you tell it to the folks who had never heard it? Could you do anything besides talk about it? How about what we are making for ——? And our present to ——? And the money we sent to ——? Do these help tell the story? Jack was trying to tell a story to the nations, too, wasn't he? Would you like to learn that song? Let's read it together.

2. Did the story remind you of one that Jesus told? Do you think that sort of spirit is needed in the House of Peace? How would you phrase it?

3. We have another condition of peace to-day. What is it? (E.g., self-forgetfulness or thoughtfulness for others, or ready response to need.) What contributions have missionaries recently been making to the cause of racial understanding and world peace?

29

The Scowling Face

Scripture: Rom. 12:3, 9-17.
Psalm: 51:1-3, 6-12, 15.
Hymns: "O God, who workest hitherto;" "Who is on the Lord's side?" "O Master, let me walk with thee."

Elbert was on his way to school, and as he walked along he kept saying to himself: "Oh, what a sad world this is!" Elbert lived in the country, and now that he was ten years old, his father thought he was big enough to walk along the pleasant path through the woods and along the road to the little white schoolhouse on the hill. It was early autumn, and the leaves of the trees were gloriously red and brown and yellow. A saucy squirrel chattered a good morning to Elbert, and then rushed up the big oak that was his home as fast as he could. A flock of blackbirds celebrating overhead did not wait to be spoken to either.

But Elbert was not thinking about the friendly animals nor the beautiful sunshiny fields about him. His mother said he must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed that morning. You can judge for yourself, when I tell you what had happened.

First of all, he had not been quite ready to wake up when he was called, and he had come down to breakfast rubbing his eyes and with his hair only partly combed. Then Elbert did not have what he wanted for breakfast, and he had complained rudely. And after breakfast, when he had fed his pet rabbits in the barnyard, it was most annoying to hear his mother call: "I wonder if you know a boy who would like to help wipe the dishes?"

"Aw, mother, I'm no girl. I don't want to," had been his reply. He finally did help, but with an awful scowl.

And as he walked along the road to school, the scowl kept right with him all the way, and it did not grow any less frightful, I can tell you. "Why must a fellow have a mother, anyway?" he asked himself.

And the old squirrel in the big oak tree gave a very wise look over his shoulder and hurried up out of sight of the scowl on Elbert's face.

Elbert had eaten his lunch that noon and was out on the playground telling Alfred, a friend of his, about his rabbits, when all at once they both noticed almost at the same moment a queer black cloud in the northwest. It looked so black and was coming so fast that they rushed into the schoolhouse to tell the teacher. They met her coming out. "Quick, to the cyclone cellar!" she cried.

So they all rushed pell-mell to the little cellar which people build near each house in that part of the country to escape the dangerous storms or cyclones which sometimes come there. They stayed down there in the dark for what seemed to be an endless time. Meanwhile they could hear plainly the roar of the great wind and the loud crashing of lumber outside. Finally, when the storm was past, they looked out. What a sight they saw! The school building had disappeared; all that was left was a pile of splintered lumber. The very fence was gone.

Soon the children started home. Elbert could hardly find the road, it was drifted so full of sticks and branches and pieces of buildings. The scowl had gone long ago, for Elbert began to wonder about things at home. All at once it came to him that he had forgotten to kiss his mother good-by that morning, when he left with the big scowl on his face.

Then he began to run. He tripped over a fallen log and fell down. He got up with blood on his face, but he hurried on. Everything which he had seen on his way to school that morning had gone: the blackbirds, the squirrel, the oak, even most of the trees. It seemed to him that he had never wanted to see his mother so much before in all his life. On and on he ran, all out of breath. And then, when it seemed to him as if he could not stand it any longer, that he must stop and cry, he saw in the distance a familiar figure coming to meet him with outstretched arms.

"O Mother, I'm so glad!" was all he could say as she gathered the exhausted little boy in her arms, and told how the storm had just missed their house. But that night when Elbert knelt at his bedside to talk with the Heavenly Father, his prayer was something like this:

"O Father, forgive me for being so mean and hateful this morning. Thou hast given me so many things to make me happy. Help me to bring joy and happiness to everything and everybody in Thy beautiful world."

And the next morning Elbert's mother could hardly believe her ears when just after breakfast Elbert appeared with a broad smile instead of a frown and said: "What can I do for you now, Mother?"

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the beautiful things in Thy world. Forgive us that we have not appreciated them more, and loved Thee better. We thank Thee for all the people who do things for us each day. Help us to remember to thank them, too.

Our Father, we desire to do our part in the City of God. Help us to find joy in doing things for others. Forgive the frowns and the growls and the scowls and the mean words and acts, for we are sorry for them, and help us to be happy because we live as Thy children ought to live. Give us the joy of helping and being of use. And this we ask in the name of our Master. Amen.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

TO USE IN SECURING RESULTS FROM THE SERVICE

Introductory questions on p. 11.

1. How did you feel when that storm came and blew down the schoolhouse? Elbert hadn't done much to build a House of Peace in *his* home, had he? How did he feel when he remembered how he had behaved? What's the best thing to do when one feels a terrible scowl coming on his face?

2. While that portion of Paul's letter was being read, did any of you think of our rules? The whole chapter is almost a set of rules for living in friendliness and peace. Some of it was read not long ago. Let's look at it. Is there anything here that we could put into our ordinances? Could we use this chapter in the service we shall be having later to bring together all we have been thinking about the City of God?

3. What new condition of peace do we have to-day? (E.g., cheerfulness.) How are we getting on with plans for a final service? How are we going to make the Building of the City of God vivid to everyone?

30

Two Kinds of Peace

Scripture: Isaiah 32:16-18; 33:2-6.
Psalm: 24:1-5.
Hymns: "Come, my soul, thou must be waking;" "Dear Lord and Father of mankind;" "Lead on, O King eternal."

I don't believe there ever was a child who didn't like to play. Now in the country there is plenty of room for all these playing children, so that each one can play in a different place if he wants to. But in the city it is different, and sometimes it is hard for a whole lot of children to play together in one small yard called a playground.

That was the trouble at Playground Number Ten, and the boys did not like it a bit. They thought the girls were always in the way. And perhaps they were, because both boys and girls were trying to play in the same place at the same time. Now boys don't like to be playing ball, and continually running into some girls skipping the rope; neither do the girls enjoy their rope-skipping if some boy is continually breaking in to chase a ball.

So the boys began to tease and annoy the girls of Playground Number Ten, thinking that perhaps they would go away and leave plenty of room for baseball. But the girls stood their ground; it was their playground just as much as the boys', and they didn't intend to be driven out. Little by little the boys grew more annoying, running off with the girls' ropes and balls, and pushing them roughly aside with loud hoots and yells.

Finally things got so bad that Miss Jones, the supervisor at the playground, was obliged to take a hand. Many times she had asked the boys politely to stop teasing the girls and let them play, too; but apparently it did no good; they became worse and worse.

So one day the boys were very much surprised when they came down the street to Playground Number Ten, to see standing in the

middle of the playground a big man, with a stick. The man looked very big and fierce to the boys, but he didn't seem to be doing anything in particular. That day, however, there was peace. Every time a boy would run over toward where the girls were playing, he would look around, and the big man would be looking straight at him. Indeed, the boys were so scared at this stalwart-looking man in uniform, who didn't do anything but watch, that they hardly had any fun at all. Most of them slunk home long before dark.

The next day the big man was there again. And again there was peace, but nobody was happy, because they were afraid. The next morning the boys began to talk among themselves, to see if there wasn't some way out of the trouble they had got themselves into. At last they hit upon an idea. They would go to Miss Jones, and propose that the playground be divided into a large part and a small part. One day the boys would play baseball or some game that took lots of room on the large part, while the girls used the smaller part; then the next day they would change over. Then they wouldn't interfere with one another's games at all.

They decided to propose the plan, and you may be sure that Miss Jones readily assented. The next day when the boys came down the street after school was out they hurried to the corner and peeked around—that big man had gone. With shouts of joy they ran to their part of the playground; and that day, and all the days after that, there was peace on Playground Number Ten, not the kind of fear-peace that the big man with a stick brought, but the joy-peace that came from playing fair.

QUESTIONS FOR TEACHERS AND PARENTS

FOR FOLLOWING UP THE SERVICE

See the general questions on p. 11.

1. What made those children stop quarreling? Did they have a good time then? What was wrong? What did they do then? Did this work? Do you think it works anywhere else? Do children and grown people ever have a good time when they don't play fair?

2. How old do you think boys or girls have to be before they can play fair

and live at peace without being watched? Why don't they do it? What ought to be done with trouble makers? Who should do it? Shall we put our conclusion into our ordinances or think about it a while longer?

3. The square deal is rather essential to peace, isn't it? How about industrial peace? Does the big stick work there? Who is going to decide what a square deal is?

31

Planning the House of Peace

Scripture: Psalm 122.
The Beatitudes.
Hymns: "Who is on the Lord's side;" "O God, who workest hitherto;" "Rise up, O men of God."

"Save as the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—Psalm 127:1.

There is probably no one of us who has not at some time, when he has looked at a great skyscraper or a majestic cathedral, desired to be able to plan such a building. But when we think how even our small playhouses often fall down before we have finished them, we realize how hard it would be to plan a huge forty-story structure that would stand for many years.

Yet, if someone should draw the plans for us, there isn't one of us so small that he or she could not help build, perhaps only by carrying bricks or mixing mortar. For that is the way great buildings rise, by the wise planning of a few expert men, who know how to figure out the size of the beams and the thickness of the walls, and then by the careful, patient labors of a lot of men, who know how to do the smaller tasks that go to make up the whole project.

Neither one, you see, could do much without the other. If no one drew the plans, the carpenters and masons would never be able to agree on a building that would look well nor stand for long. Each carpenter might have his own idea how long the planks should be, and each mason might build his part of the wall differently, so that the building would be a failure.

On the other hand, what good would a fine set of plans be if there were no one to carry them out? The architects might cover yards of paper with pictures of what they wanted the building to be like, but if there were no laborers to bring the materials and put them together, then there could be no building.

It is much the same with the house that we are building every day, our House of Peace. If the whole world is to be at peace, someone must do the planning who knows the whole world well. Most of us only know a very small corner of the world. That is why, in 1919, House-of-Peace architects from all over the world gathered in France to draw new plans for a House of World Peace. They were the statesmen of nearly every nation on the globe chosen for their wisdom and leadership. For several months they planned together. In many things they did not agree, and sometimes instead of a strong beam they put in a weak one. But when they had finished they gave the plans for the new House of World Peace to the nations, and people everywhere said: "Peace has been made."

But had it? No, the architects had merely drawn the plans, and then had said to the peoples of the world: "Here are our plans for a House of World Peace in which we think that all of us can live together happily. Will you help us build the house?"

That is the call that comes to each one of us, for we are the carpenters and masons and laborers in the actual building of the house. The plans will change as men grow wiser, but the work will go on slowly, board by board, brick by brick, and day by day the walls will rise higher; for the vision is there, the vision of a better world.

Every time we show ourselves the friends of children in other lands, by sending them doctors and teachers, we are building. Every time we try to understand them, instead of calling them "foreign" and "queer," we are building. Every time we help the immigrants who have come from other countries to our beloved America, looking for freedom and opportunity, we are building. Indeed, every time we sacrifice our own comforts and possessions cheerfully for the good of strangers, and make them our friends, we are building.

For these things are what the plans call for, and without them, without our help, the wonderful House of World Peace will be only a "scrap of paper."

SUGGESTIONS FOR BRINGING THE PERIOD TO A CLOSE

The time devoted in class or home to gathering up and furthering the influence of the worship might with profit be spent, these last two Sundays, in thinking about the whole idea or project—the Building of the City of God—having in mind the possibility of a closing service for the period, at which the children and young people may conduct a service which they themselves have prepared and which will embody the essential meaning of the House of Friendship, the House of Justice and the House of Peace.

32

A Flower That Was God's Minister *

Scripture: Matthew 7:25-33.
Psalm: Parts of 65.
Hymns: "Lord of all being;" "All things bright and beautiful;" "The King of Love my shepherd is."

It happened a long time ago, when Napoleon the Great was emperor. As is always the way with tyrants, Napoleon often put into prison men who disagreed with him, although they might otherwise be good men. That is the only way unjust power can be held. One of the men that Napoleon imprisoned was a great scholar named Charney. He was a very wise man. All his life he had studied and thought until he knew almost everything that anyone could know. But he did not believe in God.

Perhaps it is not very surprising that he did not believe in God. There he was shut up in his dark little prison cell. He had nothing to do, nothing to think about except himself and his troubles. Naturally he grew more sour and gloomy every day.

One day as he was walking up and down in his cell he noticed a piece of chalk or soft stone, and picking it up he wrote on the wall: "No one cares." He was very unhappy.

Now it happened that he was allowed to walk in a little open court near his cell for an hour every day. It was a dismal place, all paved with flat stones and surrounded by high walls. He didn't find much to think about here either. But one day he noticed, pushing its way up between two big stones, a little green shoot. He was surprised to see it there and thought of course that when he came out again the next day it would be all dried up. But no; it was still here. Absent-mindedly he took a stick and loosened up the earth around the tiny bit of green.

* Based on the story as told by H. T. Kerr in *Children's Story Sermons.* Copyright by Fleming H. Revell Co.

The earth looked dry, so he got some of his own drinking water and poured it on the plant.

When he went back to his cell he found himself thinking, not about himself but about the plant. The next day he took care of it, and the next and the next—till finally, when he went out into the court one morning, he found a beautiful little flower blossoming. Imagine his delight. How eagerly he looked forward to his hour in the court after that! His sad thoughts went away. There was no room for them. He became cheerful and hopeful and he held up his head as he paced back and forth in his cell.

It was while he was thus walking up and down, thinking of the flower in the court, that his eye chanced to fall on the words, now dim and indistinct, that he had written on the wall long before—"No one cares." Striding up to the spot, he erased them with his sleeve, and in their place, he wrote these words: "God cares."

The little flower was God's minister to him.

"Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

He gave us eyes to see them
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well."

PRAYER

How beautiful, O God, are the things we love! Even the ugly rag dolls we used to play with were beautiful to us because we loved them so. And so Thou dost make the world beautiful because Thou dost love it so, clothing its great barren wastes with flowers and trees, painting red and gold the western sky as the sun goes down, and making the dark night radiant with a thousand sparkling stars.

Teach us, O God, how to help Thee to make the whole world beautiful, to get rid of ugly thoughts and ugly feelings, and ugly deeds, and ugly places. Help us also to be Thy ministers; bringing food to those

who are hungry, bringing good cheer to those that are lonely, bringing fairness and justice to those that are being wronged.

And now as we pray in silence together wilt Thou speak to us, showing us how we may reveal Thy love to men by bringing gladness and beauty into their lives. And this we ask in Jesus' name.

(Silence, followed by the benediction)

The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us Peace. Amen.

A suggestion is made on page 124 for a service with which to bring the year's work to a close

DATE DUE

MAY 2 - 1962
OCT 25 1963
APR 10 '69
MAR 15 1990

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

268.7
H335s

Hartshorne, Hugh

AUTHOR

A second manual for training in wor-

TITLE ship.

N13342

268.7
H335s Hartshorne, Hugh
A second manual for train-
ing in worship.

N13342